

THE YALE
SHAKESPEARE

THE TAMING
OF
THE SHREW

EDITED BY
H. T. E. PERRY

YALE UNIVERSITY
PRESS

Charles David Gullott

May 1923

D 25k Copy.

THE YALE SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILBUR L. CROSS TUCKER BROOKE
WILLARD HIGLEY DURHAM

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION

OF THE

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, YALE UNIVERSITY,
ON THE FUND

GIVEN TO THE YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS IN 1917
BY THE MEMBERS OF THE
KINGSLEY TRUST ASSOCIATION

TO COMMEMORATE THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE FOUNDING OF THE SOCIETY

· : *The Yale Shakespeare* : ·

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

EDITED BY

HENRY TEN EYCK PERRY



NEW HAVEN · YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON · HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS · MCMXXI

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE TEXT	1
NOTES	102
APPENDIX A. Sources of the Play	115
APPENDIX B. History of the Play	124
APPENDIX C. The Text of the Present Edition	133
APPENDIX D. Suggestions for Collateral Reading	135
INDEX OF WORDS GLOSSED	136

*The facsimile opposite represents the title-page of the
Elizabethan Club copy of the early quarto edition.*

A WITTIE AND PLEASANT COMEDIE Called

The Taming of the Shrew.

As it was acted by his Maiesties
Seruants at the Blacke Friers
and the Globe.

Written by Will. Shakespeare.



L O N D O N ,

Printed by W. S. for John Smithwicke, and are to be
sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstones Church-
yard vnder the Diall.

1631.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A LORD

CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a Tinker* }
Hostess, Page, Players, Hunts- }
men, and Servants } Persons in the
 Induction

BAPTISTA, *a rich Gentleman of Padua*

VINCENTIO, *an old Gentleman of Pisa*

LUCENTIO, *Son to Vincentio; in love with Bianca*

PETRUCHIO, *a Gentleman of Verona; Suitor to Kath-
erina*

GREMIO, }
HORTENSIO, } *Suitors to Bianca*

TRANIO, }
BIONDELLO, } *Servants to Lucentio*

GRUMIO, }
CURTIS, } *Servants to Petruchio*

Pedant, *set up to personate Vincentio*

KATHERINA, *the Shrew,* }
BIANCA, } *Daughters to Baptista*
Widow

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on
Baptista and Petruchio

SCENE: *Sometimes in Padua, sometimes in Pe-
truchio's House in the Country.]*

Dramatis Personæ; cf. n.
pedant: a schoolmaster

The Taming of the Shrew

[INDUCTION]

Scene One

Before an alehouse on a heath]

Enter Beggar [Christopher Sly] and Hostess.

Sly. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard 4 Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide. Sessa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy: I must go fetch the third-borough. [Exit.] 12

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.

Falls asleep.

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

16

Induction; cf. n.

1 pheeze you: settle your business

2 stocks; cf. n.

4, 5 Richard Conqueror: Sly's blunder for 'William the Conqueror'

5 paucas pallabris: few words; cf. n.

6 Sessa; cf. n.

9 denier: a small French coin Go by, Jeronimy; cf. n.

12 third-borough: under constable 16 tender well: take good care of

Scene One S. d.; cf. n.

2 stocks; cf. n.

6 Sessa; cf. n.

16 tender well: take good care of

Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd,
 And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
 Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
 At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault? 20
 I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hunts. Why, Bellman is as good as he, my lord;
 He cried upon it at the merest loss,
 And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent: 24
 Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
 I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
 But sup them well, and look unto them all: 28
 To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hunts. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth
 he breathe?

Sec. Hunt. He breathes, my lord. Were he not
 warm'd with ale, 32

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
 Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
 Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man. 36
 What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
 Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
 A most delicious banquet by his bed,
 And brave attendants near him when he wakes, 40
 Would not the beggar then forget himself?

First Hunt. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot
 choose.

Sec. Hunt. It would seem strange unto him when
 he wak'd.

17 Brach: *a hunting hound*

20 in the coldest fault; cf. n.

23 cried upon it: *gave the cry*

36 practise: *play a trick*

emboss'd: *foaming at the mouth*

merest: *most absolute*

40 brave: *finely dressed*

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy. 44

Then take him up and manage well the jest.
 Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
 And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
 Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters, 48
 And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.
 Procure me music ready when he wakes,
 To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
 And if he chance to speak, be ready straight, 52
 And with a low submissive reverence
 Say, 'What is it your honour will command?'
 Let one attend him with a silver basin
 Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers; 56
 Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
 And say, 'Will 't please your lordship cool your
 hands?'

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
 And ask him what apparel he will wear; 60
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
 And that his lady mourns at his disease.
 Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
 And when he says he is, say that he dreams, 64
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
 This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
 It will be pastime passing excellent,
 If it be husbanded with modesty. 68

First Hunt. My lord, I warrant you we will play
 our part,
 As he shall think, by our true diligence,
 He is no less than what we say he is.

48 Balm: *perfume by bathing*

57 diaper: *towel*

67 passing: *surpassingly*

68 husbanded: *carried into effect*

70 As: *so that*

52 straight: *immediately*

66 kindly: *naturally*

modesty: *moderation*

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him, 72
And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*Sly is borne out.*] Sound trumpets.
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:

[*Exit Servingman.*]

Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here. 76

Enter Servingman.

How now! who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour. 80

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Player. So please your lordship to accept our
duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son: 84
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A Play. I think 'twas Soto that your honour
means. 88

Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much. 92
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,

75 Belike: probably

77 An: if

79 S. d.; cf. n.

84 Since: when

88 A Play; cf. n.

88 Soto; cf. n.

91 The rather for: the more so because

92 cunning: skill

Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour—
For yet his honour never heard a play— 96
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.

A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves 100

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords. 104

Exit one with the Players.

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance. 108
Tell him from me—as he will win my love—
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do 112
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy;
And say, 'What is 't your honour will command,
Wherin your lady and your humble wife 116
May show her duty, and make known her love?'
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd 120
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.

95 over-eyeing: observing

101 antic: *buffoon*

106 in all suits: *in all points*

112 them; cf. n.

119 declining head into: *head hanging down upon*

97 merry passion: *fit of merriment*

102 buttery: *room where drink was kept*

113 duty: *reverence*

122 him: *himself*

And if the boy have not a woman's gift
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,
 An onion will do well for such a shift,
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
 See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

124

128

Exit a Servingman.

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman: 132
 I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.
 I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence 136
 May well abate the over merry spleen
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene Two

[*A Bedchamber in the Lord's House*]

Enter aloft the drunkard [Sly], with attendants, some with apparel, [others with] basin and ewer, and other appurtenances; and Lord.

Sly. For God's sake! a pot of small ale.

First Serv. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

- | | |
|---|--|
| 125 commanded: forced | 126 shift: purpose |
| 127 napkin: handkerchief | close: secretly |
| 128 in despite: despite his own inability to weep | |
| 129 dispatch'd: performed | 130 Anon: presently |
| 131 usurp: counterfeit | 134 stay: stop |
| 135 simple: low-born | 137 spleen: fit of laughter |
| Scene Two S. d. aloft; cf. n. | ewer: a wide-mouthed pitcher used to hold water for the toilet |
| 2 sack: generic name of Spanish and Canary wines | |

Sec. Serv. Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

Third Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day? 4

Sly. I am Christopher Sly; call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment 8 I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet: nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through 12 the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem, 16
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card- 20 maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on 24 the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: here's—

Third Serv. O! this it is that makes your lady mourn. 28

Sec. Serv. O! this it is that makes your servants droop.

14 idle: absurd

19 Burton-heath; cf. n.
20 card-maker: maker of cards for combing wool

21 bear-herd: one who leads about a tame bear 23 Wincot; cf. n.

25 sheer: unmixed 27 bestraught: i.e., distraught

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns
your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth, 32
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck:
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,

Music.

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl. 44
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth. 48

First Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds
are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

Sec. Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch
thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

33 ancient: former

41 Semiramis: a legendary queen of Assyria, famous for the elegance and sensuousness of her life 43 trapp'd: decked out

47 *welkin: sky*

50 breathed: in full vigor

53 Cytherea; cf. n.

3. We'll wait until the last minute to do our taxes.

37 Apollo: god of the sun and of music

famous for the elegance
of its designs; dashed out

pp'd: decked out
49 courses; hung

49 course: *huni*
52 Adonis: cf. "

32 Adonis; cf. n.
wave lascivious

54 wanton: *wave lasciviously*

Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid, 56
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds; 60

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful 64
Than any woman in this waning age.

First Serv. And till the tears that she hath shed for thee

Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world; 68
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak; 72
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight; 76
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Sec. Serv. Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are! 80
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.

56 Io; cf. n.

59 Daphne; cf. n.

62 workmanly: skillfully

65 waning: degenerate

77 smallest: weakest

79 wit: mental powers

83 fay: faith

But did I never speak of all that time? 84

First Serv. O! yes, my lord, but very idle words;
 For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
 Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door,
 And rail upon the hostess of the house, 88
 And say you would present her at the leet,
 Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.
 Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house. 92

Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no
 such maid,
 Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
 As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
 And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell, 96
 And twenty more such names and men as these,
 Which never were nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen. 100

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter [the Page, as a] Lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.
 Where is my wife? 104

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me hus-
 band?

My men should call me lord: I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and
 husband; 108

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?

84 of: during

90 seal'd quarts; cf. n.

89 leet; cf. n.

99 amends: recovery

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam? 112

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call
ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me, 116
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you 120
To pardon me yet for a night or two,
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady, 124
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry
so long; but I would be loath to fall into my 128
dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in despite
of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your honour's players, hearing your amend-
ment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy; 132
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play, 136
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will let them play. It is not

a comonty, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling- 140
trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What! household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

144

Sly. Well, we'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by
my side,

And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

Flourish.

ACT FIRST

Scene One

[*Padua. A public Place*]

Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,

4

8

12

140 comonty: *Sly's blunder for 'comedy'*

143 household stuff; cf. n.

2 Padua; cf. n.

7 approv'd: proved

9 ingenious: intellectual

gambold: *gambol*

146 S. d. Flourish: *'Sound trumpets'*

3 for: at Lombardy; cf. n.

8 institute: *enter upon*

It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds: 16
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd. 20

Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst. 24

Tra. Me Pardonato, gentle master mine:
I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy. 28
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks 32
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you; 36
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 40

Luc. Gramceries, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,

15 serve: fulfill

19 apply: ply

23 plash: pool

25 Me Pardonato: begging your pardon; cf. n.

31 stocks; cf. n.

26 affected: disposed

32 devote: devoted checks: stringent discipline

33 As: that Ovid; cf. n.

34 Balk logic with: draw out by logic a person with whom one wishes
to argue 36 quicken: enliven 38 stomach: inclination

40 affect: incline to

41 Gramceries: many thanks

And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: what company is this?

44

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katherina and Bianca, Gremio, a Pantaloone, [and] Hortensio, suitor to Bianca. Lucentio [and] Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.

48

If either of you both love Katherina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

52

Gre. To cart her rather; she's too rough for me.
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

56

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates
for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

60

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

64

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime
toward:

68

47 S. d. Pantaloone; cf. n. by: aside 55 cart; cf. n.
58 stale: laughing-stock; cf. n. mates: low persons
59 Mates: husbands 62 I wis: verily; cf. n.
65 fool: a professional jester 68 toward: at hand

That wench is stark mad or wonderful foward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio!

72

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca, 76
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent. 80
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva
speak. 84

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell, 88
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd.
Go in, Bianca. [Exit Bianca.]

And for I know she taketh most delight 92
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such, 96
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal

78 peat: *pet* 79 Put . . . eye: *weep*
84 Minerva: *goddess of wisdom and the arts* 87 mew: *shut*
85 strange: *unusual* 97 Prefer: *direct* 88 cunning: *skillful*
92 for: *because*

To mine own children in good bringing up;
 And so, farewell. Katherina, you may stay; 100
 For I have more to commune with Bianca. *Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too; may I not?
 What! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,
 I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! 104
Exit.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your
 gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.
 Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we
 may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly 108
 out: our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:
 yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I
 can by any means light on a fit man to teach
 her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to 112
 her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word,
 I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet
 never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it 116
 toucheth us both—that we may yet again have
 access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals
 in Bianca's love—to labour and effect one
 thing specially. 120

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her
 sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil. 124

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio,
 though her father be very rich, any man is so
 very a fool to be married to hell? 128

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your

106 gifts: endowments

107 Their love; cf. n.

108 blow . . . together: be patient

112 wish: recommend

116 parle: parley (with the aim of coming to an agreement)

128 to be: as to be

advice: reflection

patience and mine to endure her loud alarums,
why, man, there be good fellows in the world,
an a man could light on them, would take her 132
with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high-cross every morning. 136

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's 140 eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, 144 Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and 148 bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Mane[n]t Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio! till I found it to be true, 152
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness;
And now in plainness do confess to thee, 156
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,

136 high-cross; cf. n. 138 bar: obstruction 142 have to: set to
143 Happy . . . dole: happiness be his portion
144 ring: a prize offered for running (with perhaps an allusion to the wedding ring) 155 love in idleness; cf. n.
149 S. d. ambo: both, i.e., Gremio and Hortensio
154 idly: indifferently
158 Anna; cf. n.

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.

160

Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst:
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum, quam queas minimo.

164

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

168

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,

172

That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her
sister

Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

176

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

180

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his
trance.

I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,

164 rated: *driven away by chiding*

166 Redime . . . minimo; cf. n.

169 longly: *longingly*170 pith: *essential point*

172 Agenor; cf. n.

184 curst: *vixenish*shrewd: *shrewish*

Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors. 188

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted. 192

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid: 196
That's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his
friends; 200

Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. *Basta;* content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces 204
For man, or master: then, it follows thus:
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine, 208
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once
Uncase thee, take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee; 212
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.

188 Because . . . will: because she shall

190 advis'd: informed

193 for my hand: I'll wager my hand

194 jump: agree

202 *Basta:* enough (Italian)

full: completely

207 port: state

209 meaner: of lower rank

211 Uncase: undress colour'd; cf. n.

213 charm: check as with a spell

In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
 And I am tied to be obedient—
 For so your father charg'd me at our parting,
 'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
 Although I think 'twas in another sense—
 I am content to be Lucentio,
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

216

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;
 And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded
 eye.

224

Here comes the rogue.

Enter Biondello.

Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where
 are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes,
 Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the
 news?

228

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
 And therefore frame your manners to the time.
 Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life,
 Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
 And I for my escape have put on his;
 For in a quarrel since I came ashore
 I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
 While I make way from hence to save my life:
 You understand me?

232

236

Bion. I, sir! ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
 Tranio is changed to Lucentio.

240

224 thrall'd: *enthralled*
 230 frame: *shape*

228 what's the news: *what novelty is this*
 232 countenance: *external appearance*

Bion. The better for him: would I were so too!

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise

244

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:

When I am alone; why, then I am Tranio;

But in all places else your master, Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go. One thing more rests, 248
that thyself execute, to make one among these
wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth my rea-
sons are both good and weighty. *Exeunt.*

The Presenters above speak.

First Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind
the play.

252

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, I do. A good matter,
surely: comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, 256
madam lady: would 'twere done!

They sit and mark.

Scene Two

[Before Hortensio's House]

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for awhile I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all

242-251 Cf. n.

248 rests: remains

251 S. d. Presenters: actors

252 mind: pay attention to

257 S. d. mark: observe

My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

4

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is
there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly. 8

Gru. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am
I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate;
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate. 12

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should
knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it; 16
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

He wrings him by the ears.

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now! what's the matter? My old 20
friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!
How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il cuore ben trovato, may I say. 24

Hor. Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto
onorato signior mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he leges in 28

4 trow: believe 7 rebused: i.e., abused (Grumio's blunder)
8 me: ethical dative, used without affecting the sense
soundly: smartly

17 sol, fa: names of notes in the diatonic scale; cf. III. i. 74-79

24 Con . . . trovato: with all my heart, well met

25, 26 Alla . . . Petruchio: welcome to our house, my much honored
Signior Petruchio 27 compound: settle 28 leges: alleges

Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps,³² for aught I see, two-and-thirty, a pip out?

Whom would to God, I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,³⁶
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?' And come you now with 'knocking at the gate'?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.⁴⁴

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge. Why, this's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale⁴⁸ Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world

To seek their fortunes farther than at home, Where small experience grows. But in a few,⁵² Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me: Antonio, my father, is deceas'd, And I have thrust myself into this maze, Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.⁵⁶ Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,

29 Latin; cf. n.

46 heavy: sad

57 Crowns: coins worth five shillings

33 two-and-thirty, a pip out; cf. n.

52 in a few: in a few words; cf. n.

59 roundly: unceremoniously

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife? 60
 Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;
 And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
 And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
 And I'll not wish thee to her. 64

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
 Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
 One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
 As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance, 68
 Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
 As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
 As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
 She moves me not, or not removes, at least, 72
 Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
 As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua. 76

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly
 what his mind is: why, give him gold enough
 and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby;
 or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, 80
 though she have as many diseases as two-and-
 fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so
 money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in, 84
 I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
 I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
 With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,
 Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman: 88
 Her only fault—and that is faults enough—
 Is, that she is intolerable curst
 And shrewd and foward, so beyond all measure,

68 burthen: *refrain* (*here, 'the underlying thought'*) .

69 foul: *ugly* Florentius' love; *cf. n.* 70 Sibyl; *cf. n.*

79 aglet-baby; *cf. n.*

90 intolerable: *intolerably*

80 trot: *decrepit old woman*

91 foward: *perverse*

That, were my state far worser than it is, 92
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud 96
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman;
Her name is Katherina Minola, 100
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her; 104
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the 108
humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as
well as I do, she would think scolding would do
little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call
him half a score knaves or so: why, that's 112
nothing: an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-
tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him
but a little, he will throw a figure in her face,
and so disfigure her with it that she shall have 116
no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You
know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is: 120
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,

96 board: *accost* chide: *scold* 106 give you over: *leave you*
113 rope-tricks: *tricks deserving the halter*; cf. n.
114 stand: *withstand* 117 cat; cf. n.

And her withholds from me and other more,
 Suitors to her and rivals in my love; 124
 Supposing it a thing impossible,
 For those defects I have before rehears'd,
 That ever Katherina will be woo'd:
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en, 128
 That none shall have access unto Bianca,
 Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katherine the curst!

A title for a maid of all titles the worst. 132

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
 And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
 Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca; 136
 That so I may, by this device, at least
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
 And unsuspected court her by herself.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the 140
 old folks, how the young folks lay their heads
 together!

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguised.

Master, master, look about you: who goes there,
 ha? 144

Hor. Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.
 Petruchio, stand by awhile.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

Gre. O! very well; I have perus'd the note. 148

Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
 All books of love, see that at any hand,
 And see you read no other lectures to her.
 You understand me. Over and beside

152

133 grace: a favor

136 seen: skilled

148 note: memorandum

134 sober: dull-looking

147 proper: handsome (here ironically)

150 at any hand: in any case

Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself 156
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as yourself were still in place; 160
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O! this learning, what a thing it is.

Gru. O! this woodcock, what an ass it is. 164

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior
Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista
Minola. 168

I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning and behaviour 172
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress:
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall
prove. 180

Gru. [Aside.] And that his bags shall prove.

154 paper; cf. n.

160 as yourself: as if you yourself

164 woodcock: a stupid bird

168 Trow: know

in place: present

181 bags: money-bags

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
 Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
 I'll tell you news indifferent good for either. 184
 Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
 Upon agreement from us to his liking,
 Will undertake to woo curst Katherine;
 Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please. 188

Gre. So said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold:
 If that be all, masters, I hear no harm. 192

Gre. No, sayst me so, friend? What countryman?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
 My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
 And I do hope good days and long to see. 196

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
 strange!
 But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name:
 You shall have me assisting you in all.
 But will you woo this wild-cat?

Pet. Will I live? 200
Gru. [Aside.] Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang
 her.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?
 Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
 Have I not in my time heard lions roar? 204
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
 Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies? 208
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

184 indifferent: *equally*
 206 chafed: *made angry*

186 Upon . . . liking; cf. n.
 210 larums: *calls to arms*

That gives not half so great a blow to hear 212
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. [Aside.] For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arriv'd, 216
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.
Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatso'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win
her. 220

Gru. [Aside.] I would I were as sure of a good
dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola? 224

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters: is 't he
you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to
do? 228

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's away.

Luc. [Aside.] Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or
no? 232

Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you
hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she. 236

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio. 240

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown; 244
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have,
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove a jade. 252

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two, 256
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules, 260
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

240 That she's; cf. n.

250 speed: succeed

261 Alcides'; cf. n.

247 Leda's daughter; cf. n.

252 jade: a worthless nag

263 hearken: lie in wait

Her father keeps from all access of suitors, 264
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed;
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man 268
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her 272
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman, 276
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health, 280
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. } O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be
Bion. } gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so:— 284
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. *Exeunt.*

269 *stead: help*

273 *ingrate: ungrateful*

279 *contrive: pass away*

283 *motion: proposal*

285 *I . . . venuto: I will guarantee your welcome*

272 *whose hap: he whose fortune*

276 *gratify: recompense*

280 *carouses: full glasses of liquor*

ACT SECOND

Scene One

[*A Room in Baptista's House*]

Enter Katherina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your-self,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell 8
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other. 12

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O! then, belike, you fancy riches more: 16
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands. 20

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

Strikes her.

Enter Baptista.

3 gawds: ornaments
17 fair: supplied with finery

13 Minion: a pert, saucy person

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps. 24

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.

For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word? 28

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

Flies after Bianca.

Bap. What! in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.

Exit [Bianca].

Kath. What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now
I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband; 32

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep

Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit.] 36

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?

But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, [with] Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio, with [Hortensio as a Musician; and] Tranio, with his boy [Biondello] bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbor Gremio. God 40
save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a
daughter

Call'd Katherina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katherina. 44

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

26 hilding: *base, menial wretch*

33 dance bare-foot; cf. n.

28 cross: *thwart*

34 lead . . . hell; cf. n.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit, 48
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness 52
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting Hortensio.*]

Cunning in music and the mathematics, 56
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua. 60

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her, 64
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son; 68
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too. 72
Backare! you are marvellous forward.

63 turn: purpose

71 Saving: without disrespect to

65 like not of: care not for

73 Backare; cf n.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio, I would fain
be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your
wooing.

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure 76
of it. To express the like kindness myself, that
have been more kindly beholding to you than
any, freely give unto you this young scholar,
[Presenting Lucentio.] that has been long 80
studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek,
Latin, and other languages, as the other in
music and mathematics. His name is Cambio;
pray accept his service. 84

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio;
welcome, good Cambio.—[To Tranio.] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: may I
be so bold to know the cause of your coming? 88

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous. 92

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage, 96
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument, 100
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name, of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio. 104

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report

I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.

[*To Hortensio.*] Take you the lute, [*To Lucentio.*]

and you the set of books;

You shall go see your pupils presently.

108

Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my two daughters, and then tell them both
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio,
Biondello following.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard, 112
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo. 116
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, 120
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of 124
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand. 128

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,

112 orchard: garden

125 widowhood: a widow's right in the estate of her deceased husband

127 specialties: articles of agreement

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded; 132
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all; 136
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. 140

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale. 144

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute? 148

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, 152
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she; 'I'll fume with them';

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;

139 speed: fortune

141 to the proof: as if in proof armor, i.e., armor especially hardened

142 they: i.e., winds

147 hold with her: remain unbroken under her attack

150 frets: the point at which the string of an instrument is stopped

151 bow'd: bent

And there I stood amazed for a while, 156
 As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
 While she did call me rascal fiddler,
 And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms
 As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!
 I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
 O! how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. [To Hortensio.] Well, go with me, and be not
 so discomfited: 164

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
 She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
 Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you? 168

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
 Exit [Baptista, with Gremio, Tranio, and
 Hortensio]. *Manet Petruchio.*

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
 Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale: 172
 Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
 Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
 Then I'll commend her volubility,
 And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
 If she do bid me pack; I'll give her thanks,
 As though she bid me stay by her a week:
 If she deny to wed; I'll crave the day 180
 When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
 But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katherina.

Good Morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

159 twangling: *twanging*
 166 apt: *ready*

160 As: *as if* 161 lusty: *lively*
 178 pack: *depart in haste*

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of
hearing: 184

They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain
Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom; 188
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town, 192
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded—
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs—
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you
hither 196

Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
You were a movable.

Pet. Why, what's a movable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you. 200

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light— 204

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be! should—buzz!

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

184 hard; cf. n.

190 Kates: a pun on 'cates,' meaning delicacies

196 in good time: forsooth

199 joint-stool: stool made by a joiner

202 No . . . mean; cf. n.

207 buzz; cf. n. buzzard: a blockhead

204 light: giddy

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee? 208

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is, then, to pluck it out. 212

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell. 216

Pet. What! with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again.

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. *She strikes him.*

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms: 220

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O! put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb? 224

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab. 228

208 turtle: *turtle-dove* buzzard: *an inferior kind of hawk*

209 Ay . . . buzzard; cf. n.

216 tails: *a pun on 'tales'*

220 arms: *a pun on the literal meaning and the heraldic 'coat of arms'*

223 books: *heraldic registers; cf. n.*

224 coxcomb: *the crest resembling that of a cock worn in the caps of jesters*

225 combless: *without a crest*

226 craven: *a cock that is 'not game'*

228 crab: *a crab-apple*

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one. 232

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go. 236

Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous, 240

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk; 244
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twigs, 248
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command. 252

232 aim'd of: guessed for
246 conference: conversation

235 scape: escape

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove
 As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
 O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
 And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful! 256

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm. 260

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
 Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
 That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed
 on; 264

And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty—
 Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well— 268

Thou must be married to no man but me:

For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable as other household Kates. 272

Here comes your father: never make denial;

I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, [and] Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with
 my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well? 276

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

253 Dian: *Diana, goddess of hunting and of chastity*

260 Yes . . . warm; cf. n.

265 will you, nill you: *whether you will or not*

271 wild Kate: *a pun on 'Kate' and 'cat'; cf. I. ii. 200*

272 Conformable: *compliant*

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katherine! in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard, 280
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world, 284

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn; 288
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. 292

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio: she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself, 296

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe 800
How much she loves me: O! the kindest Kate.
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love. 804

278 dumps: *a fit of melancholy*

289 Grissel: *cf. n.*

303 vied: *tried to outdo me by giving*

283 face: *brasen*

295 speeding: *success*

304 twink: *twinkling*

O! you are novices: 'tis a world to see,
 How tame, when men and women are alone,
 A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
 Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice
 308
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
 I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say; but give me your hands. 312

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. } Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.
Tra. }

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.
 I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace: 316
 We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
 And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

Exeunt Petruchio and Katherine.

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part, 320

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek, is quiet in the match. 324

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
 But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
 Now is the day we long have looked for:
 I am your neighbour, and was suitor first. 328

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
 Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

305 world: wonder

307 meacock: spiritless

311 fine: in proper finery

312 give . . . hands: i.e., to join them in solemn betrothal

317, 318 We . . . Sunday; cf. n.

319 clapp'd up: agreed upon

321 mart: mercantile transaction

322 fretting: wasting away, with a pun on the usual meaning of the word

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry. 332

Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this
strife:

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both, 336
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the
city 340

Is richly furnished with plate and gold:
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns; 344
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls, 348
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine. 352

333 Skipper: used contemptuously with reference to a young man's prancing gait 335 Content you: compose yourselves

336 he, of both: whichever of you two

343 Tyrian tapestry: tapestry dyed purple; cf. n.

345 arras counterpoints: tapestry counterpanes; cf. n.

346 tents, and canopies: hangings for beds

347 boss'd: embossed 348 Valance: hangings of a bed or couch

351 milch-kine: milk-giving cattle

353 answerable: correspondent 354 struck: advanced

Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:
 I am my father's heir and only son:
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good, 360
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
 Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year
 Of fruitful land, all of which shall be her jointure. 364

What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
 My land amounts not to so much in all:
 That she shall have; besides an argosy 368
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
 What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
 Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses, 372
 And twelve tight galleys; these I will assure her,
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
 And she can have no more than all I have: 376
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,

By your firm promise. Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best; 380
 And, let your father make her the assurance,
 She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
 If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young. 384

Gre. And may not young men die as well as old?

363 ducats: Venetian coins

364 jointure: property settled on the wife by the husband when they are joined in marriage 368 argosy: a large merchant-ship

369 road: harbor

372 galliasses: large galleys

381 assurance: legal settlement

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd. On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katherine is to be married: 388
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both. 392

Exit.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy! 396
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. *Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good: 400
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, called 'suppos'd Vincentio';
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing, 404
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
Exit.

ACT THIRD

Scene One

[*A Room in Baptista's House*]

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment

394 gamester: adventurer

396 a toy: nonsense

399 fac'd . . . ten: faced it out by sheer impudence; cf. n.

404 get: beget

Her sister Katherine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours nor pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in
tune?

Luc. That will be never: tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

'Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeria tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*,
I am Lucentio, *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of 32

6 prerogative: precedence

15 these braves: this defiance

18 breeching: liable to be whipped

22 whilst: while

12 pain: effort

19 pointed: appointed

28, 29 *Hic . . . senis*; cf. n.

Pisa, *Sigeria tellus*, disguised thus to get your love; *Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might be-³⁶ guile the old pantaloon.

Hor. [Returning.] Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear.—

O fie! the treble jars.

40

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeria tellus*, I trust you not; *Hic steterat Priami*,⁴⁴ take heed he hear us not, *regia*, presume not, *celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the bass.

Hor. The bass is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

48

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

[Aside.] Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

52

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides* Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

56

But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you.

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

37 pantaloon: *i.e.*, *Gremio*; cf. I. i. 47 S. d.

49-51 How . . . yet; cf. n.

51 *Pedascule*: *vocative of a supposed Latin word for 'pedant'*

53 *Æacides*: *descendant of Æacus, grandfather of Ajax*

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a
while: 60

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? [*Aside.*] Well, I
must wait,

And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,

Our fine musician growtheth amorous. 64

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago. 72

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [Reads.]

“Gamut” I am, the ground of all accord,

“A re,” to plead Hortensio’s passion;

“B mi,” Bianca, take him for thy lord, 76

“C fa ut,” that loves with all affection:

“D sol re,” one clef, two notes have I:

“E la mi,” show pity, or I die.’

Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Messenger [Servant].

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your
books,

And help to dress your sister’s chamber up: 84

63 but: unless
81 nice: silly

68 gamut: the diatonic scale in music
83 Serv.; cf. n.

You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both: I must be
gone. [Exeunt *Bianca and Messenger.*]

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to
stay. [Exit.]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant. 88
Methinks he looks as though he were in love.
Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca*, be so humble
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging, 92
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

Exit.

Scene Two

[Before *Baptista's House*]

Enter *Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherina, Bianca,*
[*Lucentio,*] and others, attendants.

Bap. [To *Tranio.*] Signior Lucentio, this is the
pointed day

That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? what mockery will it be 4
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be
forc'd 8

To give my hand oppos'd against my heart
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.

91 stale: decoy

92 Seize . . . list: let them take thee that will ranging: roving

93 quit: even

10 rudesby: a coarse, rough fellow spleen: caprice

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool, 12
 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
 And to be noted for a merry man,
 He'll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,
 Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns; 16
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
 Now must the world point at poor Katherine,
 And say, 'Lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife,
 If it would please him come and marry her.' 20

Tra. Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise; 24
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would Katherine had never seen him though!

Exit weeping [followed by Bianca and others].

Bap. Go, girl: I cannot blame thee now to weep,
 For such an injury would vex a very saint, 28
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! news! old news, and
 such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that 32
 be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petru-
 chio's coming?

Bap. Is he come? 36

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here? 40

Bion. When he stands where I am and sees
 you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new 44
hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches
thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been
candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old
rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with 48
a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken
points: his horse hipped with an old mothy
saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides,
possessed with the glanders and like to mose in 52
the chine; troubled with the lampass, infested
with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with
spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the
fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn 56
with the bots, swayed in the back, and shoulder-
shotten; near-legged before, and with a half-
checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather,
which, being restrained to keep him from stum- 60
bling, hath been often burst and now repaired
with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a
woman's crupper of velure, which hath two
letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and 64
here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

47 candle-cases: receptacles for candle-ends

49 chapeless: without a chape; cf. n.

50 points: tagged laces used in fastening parts of the dress, especially the breeches hipped: covered on, or down to, the hips (?)

52, 53 to mose in the chine: to take a disorder among horses, by some called 'mourning in the chine (spine)' 53 lampass; cf. n.

54 fashions: farcy, a disease appearing as small tumors on the horse's legs windgalls: soft tumors on the fetlock joints of a horse

55 rayed: fouled yellows: a kind of jaundice, causing yellowness of the horse's eyes

56 fives: vives, an inflammation of the parotid gland
begnawn: gnawed

57 bots: small worms that breed in the entrails of horses swayed: strained shoulder-shotten: with dislocated shoulder

58 near-legged: knock-kneed half-checked: that only half checks

60 restrained: drawn tight 63 velure: velvet

64 her name: the name of the woman whose crupper it was

Bion. O, sir! his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock⁶⁸ on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and the 'humour of forty fancies' pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd. 76

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came? 80

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

84

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,

I hold you a penny,

A horse and a man

Is more than one,

88

And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

68 caparisoned: dressed stock: stocking

69 kersey: a coarse-ribbed cloth boot-hose: stocking to wear with boots

70 list: strip of cloth 71 'humour of forty fancies'; cf. n.

73 footboy: an attendant in livery 75 pricks: incites

86 hold: wager 90 gallants: fine fellows

- Tra. Not so well apparell'd 92
As I wish you were.
- Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you
frown: 96
- And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?
- Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-
day: 100
- First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival. 104
- Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?
- Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear: 108
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal. 112
- But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
- Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine. 116
- Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.
- Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.
- Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done
with words:
- To me she's married, not unto my clothes. 120

96 Gentles: gentle folk

110 enforced to digress: compelled to deviate from my promise

119 sooth: truth

Could I repair what she will wear in me
 As I can change these poor accoutrements,
 'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.
 But what a fool am I to chat with you 124
 When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
 And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

Exit [with Grumio].

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.
 We will persuade him, be it possible, 128
 To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

Exit [with Gremio and Attendants].

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
 Her father's liking: which to bring to pass, 132
 As I before imparted to your worship,
 I am to get a man—whate'er he be
 It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn—
 And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa, 136
 And make assurance here in Padua,
 Of greater sums than I have promised.
 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
 And marry sweet Bianca with consent. 140

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
 Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
 'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
 Which once perform'd, let all the world say no, 144
 I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
 And watch our vantage in this business
 We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
 The narrow-prying father, Minola,
 The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
 All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

121 wear: *wear out*
 131 Cf. n.

126 lovely: *loving*
 135 skills: *matters*

130 event: *outcome*
 150 quaint: *clever*

Enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church? 152

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'Tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find. 156

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him. 160
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katherine should be his wife,

'Ay, by gogs-woun's!' quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book; 164
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book and book and priest:
'Now, take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.' 168

Tra. What said the wench when he arose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stampt and
swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done, 172
He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face; 176
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

155 groom: common fellow

163 gogs-woun's: a corruption of 'God's wounds'

166 took: gave

171 cozen: cheat

174 aboard: aboard ship carousing to: drinking healths to

176 sops: cakes or wafers dipped in the wine

178 hungerly: as if starved

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
 This done, he took the bride about the neck, 180
 And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
 That at the parting all the church did echo:
 And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
 And after me, I know, the rout is coming. 184
 Such a mad marriage never was before.
 Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. *Music plays.*

*Enter Petruchio, Katherina, Bianca, Baptista,
 Hortensio [with Grumio and train].*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
 pains:

I know you think to dine with me to-day, 188
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night? 192

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.
 Make it no wonder: if you knew my business,
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.
 And, honest company, I thank you all, 196
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
 For I must hence; and farewell to you all. 200

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay? 204

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse!

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have 208
eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself. 212

The door is open, sir, there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom, 216
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate! content thee: prithee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure. 220

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist. 224

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead, 228

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own. 232

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare; 236

214 green; cf. n.
231 big: angrily

227 domineer: *run riot*
234, 235 My . . . anything; cf. n.

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
 That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
 Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
 Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man. 240
 Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch thee,
 Kate:
 I'll buckler thee against a million.

Exeunt Petruchio, Katherina [and Grumio].

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly I should die with
 laughing. 244

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated. 248

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and
 bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place, 252
 And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's
 go. *Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene One

[*A Hall in Petruchio's Country House*]

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad

237 bring mine action: *bring my suit in a law court*

242 buckler: *defend*

251 junkets: *dainties*

masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and 4 they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, 8 ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis. 12

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A 16 fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O! ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, 20 fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, 24 and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch-fool! I am no beast. 28

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But

6 a little pot; cf. n.

11 taller: a pun on the usual meaning of the word and another sense, 'stouter' 16 run: the figure is from the 'take-off' in sliding

27 three-inch-fool: another allusion to Grumio's small size

28 beast; cf. n.

29 horn: the horn of the cuckold, or deceived husband

wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand—she being 32 now at hand—thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world? 36

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death. 40

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, 'Jack, boy! ho, boy!' and as much news as thou wilt. 44

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

Gru. Why therefore fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cob- 48 webs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and 52 everything in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my 56 master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale. 60

Curt. Let's ha 't, good Grumio.

39 duty: due

45 cony-catching: trickery

49 rushes strewed: it was the custom to strew floors with rushes
51, 52 Be . . . without; cf. n.

43 'Jack, boy! ho, boy!'; cf. n.

48 trimmed: put in order

50 officer: retainer

52 carpets: table-covers

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [Strikes him.] 64

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore it is called a sensible tale;
and this cuff was but to knock at your ear and
beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we 68
came down a foul hill, my master riding behind
my mistress—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee? 72

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not
crossed me thou shouldst have heard how her
horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst 76
have heard in how miry a place, how she was be-
moiled: how he left her with the horse upon
her; how he beat me because her horse stum-
bled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck 80
him off me: how he swore; how she prayed, that
never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses
ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost
my crupper; with many things of worthy 84
memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and
thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew
than she. 88

Gru. Ay; and that, thou and the proudest of
you all shall find when he comes home. But what
talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph,
Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: 92
let their heads be slickly combed, their blue coats

66 sensible: pun on 'reasonable' and 'capable of being felt'

68 Imprimis: in the first place

77 bemoiled: bedraggled

71 of: on

brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horsetail ⁹⁶ till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear? ho! you must meet my ¹⁰⁰ master to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company ¹⁰⁴ to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

108

Enter four or five Servingmen.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nick. Fellow Grumio!

112

Nath. How now, old lad!

Gru. Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you; fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and ¹¹⁶ all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and ¹²⁰ therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

⁹⁴ indifferent knit: ordinary texture; cf. n.

¹⁰¹ countenance: do honor to

¹²¹ Cock's: God's (a corruption of the name)

¹⁰⁶ credit: do honor to

Pet. Where be these knaves? What! no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse? 124

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms! 128

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge! 132

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel, 136

There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing,
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly; 140
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

Exeunt Servants.

'Where is the life that late I led?'

Where are those? Sit down, Kate, and welcome. 144

Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Enter Servants with supper.

128 logger-headed: *stupid*

132 whoreson: *vile* malt-horse: *a brewer's horse, hence a term of contempt* 136 unpink'd: *unscalloped*

137 link; cf. n.

138 sheathing: *having a new sheath made for it*

143 Where . . . led; cf. n.

145 Soud; cf. n.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—

Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains! When?

‘It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:’

148

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

[*Strikes him.*]

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho! 152

Enter one with water.

Where’s my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

[*Exit Servant.*]

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted
with.

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some
water? 156

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[*Strikes him.*]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear’d knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—
What’s this? mutton?

First Serv. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat. 164

What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?

146 when: *exclamation of impatience*
161 stomach: ‘appetite’ and ‘temper’

148, 149 It . . . way; cf. n.

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?

[*Throws the meat about the stage.*]

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all. 168
You heedless joltheadsl and unmanner'd slaves!
What! do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well if you were so contented. 172

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast, 176
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company: 180
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

Exeunt.

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Enter Curtis, a Servant.

Gru. Where is he? 184

Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of con-
tinency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak, 188
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Petruchio.

166 dresser: sideboard 169 joltheadsl: blockheads
175 choler: the humor supposed to cause irascibility 181 bring: escort 185 continency: self-restraint
181 rates: chides that: so that 187

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully. 192
 My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
 Another way I have to man my haggard, 196
 To make her come and know her keeper's call;
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
 That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
 She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat; 200
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not:
 As with the meat, some undeserved fault
 I'll find about the making of the bed;
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster, 204
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
 Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
 That all is done in reverend care of her;
 And in conclusion she shall watch all night: 208
 And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong
 humour. 212
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. *Exit.*

193 sharp: *keen*194 stoop: *yield* (*figure from falconry*)195 then: *when she is full-gorged*lure: *a stuffed bird used by falconers to lure the hawk after it has flown*196 man my haggard: *tame my wild hawk*198 watch: *keep from sleep* (*also a term in falconry*)199 bate: *flap the wings* beat: *flutter*200 eat: *ate*201 Last night; *cf. n.*206 hurly: *tumult* intend: *pretend*211 This . . . kindness; *cf. n.*213 shrew; *cf. n.*

Scene Two

[*Padua. Before Baptista's House*]

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said, 4
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They stand aside.*]

Enter Bianca [and Lucentio].

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love. 8

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress 'f my heart.

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca 12

Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio, 16
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;

But one that scorns to live in this disguise,

For such a one as leaves a gentleman,

And makes a god of such a cullion:

20

3 bears . . . hand: flatters me with false hopes

4, 5 Sir . . . teaching; cf. n.

8 Art to Love; cf. n.

7 resolve: answer

20 cullion: mean fellow

Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness, 24
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior
Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow 28
Never to woo her more; but I do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath, 32
Never to marry with her though she would entreat.
Fie on her! see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite for-
sworn!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath, 36
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. 40

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit.*]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace 44
As longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both for-
sworn me? 48

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy! 52

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a
place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master; 58
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. O master, master! I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied 60
An ancient angel coming down the hill
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel, 64
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio, 68
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome. 72

57 eleven and twenty; cf. n.

63 mercatante: merchant (*Italian*)

61 ancient angel: *good old soul*

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life. 76

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir! marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard. 80

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke—
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him— 84
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir! it is worse for me than so; 88
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you: 92
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio? 96

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you. 100

Bion. [Aside.] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

80 goes hard: *is a serious matter*
95 Pisa . . . citizens; cf. n.

83 stay'd: *detained*
102 all one: *no matter*

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake; 104
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd, 108
Look that you take upon you as you should!
You understand me, sir; so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it. 112

Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand: 116
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you. 120
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.

Exeunt.

Scene Three

[*A Room in Petruchio's House*]

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite
appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door, 4
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:

107 undertake: assume

118 pass: convey (a legal term)

109 take upon you: act a part

5 present: immediate

But I, who never knew how to entreat,
 Nor never needed that I should entreat, 8
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed.
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love; 12
 As who should say, if I should sleep or eat
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.
 I prithee go and get me some repast;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food. 16

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd? 20

Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon. 24

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not: you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio. 28

Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.

32

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meat.

13 As . . . say: as if to say

22 choleric: productive of hot temper

17 neat's: of an ox or calf

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all
amort?
36

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon
me.

Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:
40

[*Sets the dish on a table.*]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What! not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not,
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand. 44

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. [Aside.] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou
lov'st me.

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things;
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.
60

36 sweeting: sweetheart amort: dejected

43 is . . . proof: proves to be worth nothing

56 farthingales: hooped skirts

58 knavery: tricks of dress or adornment

60 ruffling: forming, or rising in, ruffles

57 bravery: finery

59 stays: awaits

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.—

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer; 64
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger. 68

Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too;
And not till then.

Hor. [Aside.] That will not be in haste. 72

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears. 76
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words. 80

Pet. Why, thou sayst true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.

I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap, 84
And it I will have, or I will have none.

[*Exit Haberdasher.*]

63 *Hab.*; cf. n.

67 *knack: knick-knack*

69 *fit the time: suit the fashion*

82 *custard-coffin: the raised crust of a custard or pie*

65 *lewd: vile*

trick: *trifle*

66 *cockle: sea-shell*

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see 't.
 O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
 What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon: 88
 What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
 Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
 Like to a censer in a barber's shop.

Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this? 92

Hor. [Aside.] I see, she's like to have neither cap
 nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
 According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remember'd, 96
 I did not bid you mar it to the time.
 Go, hop me over every kennel home,
 For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
 I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it. 100

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
 More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
 Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of
 thee. 104

Tai. She says your worship means to make a
 puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou
 thread,
 Thou thimble, 108
 Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
 Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!

87 masquing: fit only for a masquerade

88 demi-cannon: an old piece of ordnance

91 censer: a firepan, made with a perforated cover, in which to burn perfumes; cf. n.

96 be remember'd: recollect

98 kennel: gutter

102 quaint: elegant

109 nail: measure of two and one-fourth inches

111 Brav'd: defied with: by

110 nit: egg of a louse

Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant, 112
 Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard
 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
 I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd: the gown is made 116

Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made? 120

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have. 124

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to 128 pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it. 132

Gru. The note lies in 's throat if he say I said so.

Tai. [Reads.] 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown.'

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death 136 with a bottom of brown thread. I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. [Reads.] 'With a small compassed cape.'

Gru. I confess the cape. 140

Tai. [Reads.] 'With a trunk sleeve.'

112 quantity: *small fragment*

113 be-mete: *measure*

114 think on prating: *remember thy prating*

125 Face: *bully*

123 faced: *trimmed*

braved: *made fine*

129 ergo: *therefore* (Latin)

137 bottom: *ball*

139 compassed: *round*

141 trunk sleeve: *large, wide sleeve*

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [Reads.] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

144

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble. 148

Tai. This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me. 152

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me. 156

Gru. You are i' the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life! take up my 160 mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use! 164
O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. [Aside.] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow: 168

Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away! I say; commend me to thy master.

Exit Tailor.

152 bill: pun on usual meaning and 'a kind of halberd'

mete-yard: yard-measure

153 God-a-mercy: i.e., God have mercy

162 conceit: idea

- Pet.* Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments. 172
- Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit. 176
- What, is the jay more precious than the lark
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel
Because his painted skin contents the eye? 180
- O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith, 184
- To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot. 188
- Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.
Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there. 192
- Pet.* It shall be seven ere I go to horse.
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do, 196
- It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. [Aside.] Why, so this gallant will command
the sun. [Exeunt.]

172 Even . . . habiliments; cf. n.
182 furniture: *dress*

176 peereth: *appears*

Scene Four

[*Padua. Before Baptista's House*]

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.
4

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as longeth to a father.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;
8

'Twere good he were school'd.

Enter Biondello.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
12

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
16

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista. Set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio. Pedant booted and bare-headed.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

[*To the Pedant.*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:
20

5 Where . . . Pegasus; cf. n.
17 tall: clever hold: take

11 throughly: thoroughly
18 S. d.; cf. n.

I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua 24
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And—for the good report I hear of you, 28
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, if you please to like 32
No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you, 36
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here 40
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him 44
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you know
best 48
We be affied and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants. 52

Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,
And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging an it like you:
There doth my father lie, and there this night 56
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning, 60
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened: 64
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

Exit.

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone. 68
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you. 72

Exeunt.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio!

Luc. What sayst thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh
upon you? 76

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; but he has left me
here behind to expound the meaning or moral
of his signs and tokens. 80

54 happily: *haply*

59 scrivener: *one who writes contracts*

62 likes: *pleases*

68 Cf. n.

56 lie: *lodge*

57 pass: *transact*

61 pittance: *meal*

67 I . . . heart; cf. n.

70 one mess: *a single dish*

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him? 84

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church 88 is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*. To the church! take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, 96

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearest thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden 100 for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with 104 your appendix. *Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:

She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: 108 It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. *Exit.*

81 moralize: *explain*

93, 94 *cum . . . solum*; cf. n.

105 appendix: *addition to a book or to one's possessions, so 'a wife'*

Scene Five

[A Road]

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortensio [with Servants].

Pet. Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright. 4

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself, It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house. 8

Go one and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far, 12

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.

An if you please to call it a rush-candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon. 16

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:

But sun it is not when you say it is not,

And the moon changes even as your mind. 20

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;

And so, it shall be so for Katherine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run, 24

⁸ Or ere: before

¹⁴ rush-candle: a candle made of a rush dipped in tallow

And not unluckily against the bias.
But soft! what company is coming here?

Enter Vincentio.

[*To Vincentio.*] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too, 28
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face? 32
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him. 36

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars 40
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad;
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou sayst he is. 44

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father; 48
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known

25 bias: the one-sided form of the bowl which gives an oblique motion to it 35 A': he
47 green: 'of a green color,' and so 'young' as well.

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company. 52

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is called Vincentio; my dwelling, Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit 56
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age, 60
I may entitle thee my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, 64
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
And wander we to see thy honest son, 68
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest 72
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous. 76

Exeunt [all but Hortensio].

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be foward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

Exit.

54 encounter: greeting

66 qualified: endowed with good qualities

76 jealous: suspicious

64 esteem: worth

72 pleasant: jocular

79 untoward: refractory

ACT FIFTH

Scene One

[*Padua. Before Lucentio's House*]

Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca; Gremio is out before.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us. 4

Exit [with Bianca].

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church a' your back; and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

[*Exit.*]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while. 8

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, [and] Grumio with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house: My father's bears more toward the market-place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go. 12

I think I shall command your welcome here, And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

Knock.

Gre. They're busy within; you were best knock louder. 16

Pedant looks out of the window.

Scene One S. d. out before: on the fore-stage, where he cannot perceive the others
10 bears: is situated 5 a: at

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken 20 withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: 24 he shall need none so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio 28 that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from Padua, and here looking out at the window. 32

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [To *Vincentio*.] Why, how now, gentle- 36 man! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe, a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my 40 countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old master, *Vincentio*! now we are 44 undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. [Seeing *Biondello*.] Come hither, crack-hemp.

21 withal: with

37 flat: downright

46 crack-hemp: one who deserves hanging

28 circumstances: irrelevant formalities

43 good shipping: a happy voyage

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir. 48

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life. 52

Vin. What, you notorious villain! didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window. 56

Vin. Is 't so, indeed? *He beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. 60

[*Exit.*]

Ped. Help, son! help; Signior Baptista!

[*Exit from above.*]

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*]

Enter Pedant [*below*] with Servants, Baptista,
[and] Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant? 64

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! 68 O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter? 72

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a mad-

69 copatain: *high-crowned*
75 habit: *outward appearance*

70 husband: *frugal manager*

man. Why, sir, what cerns it you if I wear pearl 76
and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to
maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-
maker in Bergamo. 80

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray,
what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name:
I have brought him up ever since he was three 84
years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lu-
centio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the
lands of me, Signior Vincentio. 88

Vin. Lucentio! O! he hath murdered his
master. Lay hold on him, I charge you in the
duke's name. O my son, my son! tell me, thou
villain, where is my son Lucentio? 92

Tra. Call forth an officer.

[Enter one with an Officer.]

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol! 96

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall
go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be 100
cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this
is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it. 104

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not
Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with 108
him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused:
O monstrous villain!

Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.

Bion. O! we are spoiled; and yonder he is: 112
deny him, forswear him, or else we are all un-
done.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father.

Kneel.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant as fast
as may be.

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

[Kneels.]

Bap. How hast thou offended? 116

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne. 120

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to de-
ceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so? 124

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio, 128
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

120 supposes: *suppositions*; cf. n.

eyne: eyes (old plural, used for the sake of the rhyme)

121 packing: *plotting* with a witness: 'with a vengeance'

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to; 132
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would
have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. [To *Lucentio*.] But do you hear, sir? 136
Have you married my daughter without asking
my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you,
go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this 140
villainy. *Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this
knavery. *Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will 144
not frown. *Exeunt [Lucentio and Bianca].*

Gre. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the
rest,

Out of hope of all but my share of the feast.

[*Exit*].

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end 148
of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What! in the midst of the street?

Pet. What! art thou ashamed of me? 152

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again. Come, sirrah,
let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee,
love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate: 156
Better once than never, for never too late.

Exeunt.

149 ado: fuss

157 Better . . . late: i.e., 'better late than never'

Scene Two

[*A Room in Lucentio's House*]

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, [Petruchio, Katherina, Hortensio,] and Widow; the Servingmen with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine. 4
Brother Petruchio, sister Katherina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house: 8
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat! 12

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard. 16

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:

I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Scene Two S. d. banquet: dessert
16 fears; cf. n.

1 long: after a long time

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale. 24

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round':

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew, 28
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you. 32

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office. 36

Pet. Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad.

Drinks to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt! a hasty-witted body 40
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,

44

22 conceive: form an opinion

by: in regard to

23 Conceives: becomes pregnant

24 conceives: formulates

37 ha' to thee: here's to thee

Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all. 48

Exit Bianca [with Katherina and Widow].

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior
Tranio;

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not:
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O sir! Lucentio slipp'd me, like his grey-
hound, 52

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay. 56

Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all. 64

Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her, 68
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

45 Have at you: *I'll come at you*

46 Am . . . bird: *Am I the bird at which you're aiming*

49 prevented: *escaped* 52 slipp'd: *let loose as from the leash or slip*

56 at a bay: *at bay* 58 gird: *taunt*

60 gall'd: *scratched* 63 good sadness: *all seriousness*

65 for assurance: *to decide the question*

Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound, 72
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match! 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me. 76

Bion. I go. Exit.

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Enter Biondello.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word so
That she is busy and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse. 84

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. Exit Biondello.

Pet. O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir, 88
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Enter Biondello.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come: she bids you come to her. 92

74 A match: term used in accepting a wager
78 be . . . half: share half your wager

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; say,
I command her come to me. *Exit [Grumio].*

Hor. I know her answer. 96

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katherina.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Kath-
erina! 100

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for
me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to
come, 104

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Katherina.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is. I wonder what it bodes. 108

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio! . . . 112
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been. 116

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,

100 holidame: *halidom, i.e., salvation*

110 awful: *inspiring awe* 112 fair befall thee: *good fortune be thine*

105 Swinge: *whip*

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widow.

See where she comes, and brings your foward
wives

120

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not:

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

Wid. Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh, 124
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, 128

Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katherine, I charge thee, tell these head-
strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands. 132

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have
no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall: and first begin with her. 136

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind
brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:

It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads, 140

Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty; 144

And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

130 laying: *laying a wager*

143 mov'd: *provoked*

141 Confounds: *ruins*

Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
 Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee, 148
 And for thy maintenance commits his body
 To painful labour both by sea and land,
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
 Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe; 152
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
 Too little payment for so great a debt.
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince, 156
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
 And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
 And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she but a foul contending rebel, 160
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
 I am ashamed that women are so simple
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway, 164
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts 168
 Should well agree with our external parts?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My heart as great, my reason haply more, 172
 To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
 But now I see our lances are but straws,
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
 That seeming to be most which we indeed least
 are. 176

167. Unapt: *unfitted*
 176. Cf. n.

168. soft: *gentle*. conditions: *qualities*

Then veil your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease. 180

Pet. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha 't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are
froward. 184

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, [To Lucentio.] though you
hit the white;

And, being a winner, God give you good night! 188

Exit Petruchio [with Katherina].

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a curst
shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be
tam'd so. [Exeunt.]

177 vail: *lower* stomachs: *pride* boot: *advantage*

183 toward: docile 186 sped: done for

187 white: white center of the target; cf. n.

FINIS.

NOTES

Dramatis Personæ. The ‘Dramatis Personæ’ and the division into scenes do not occur in the Folio, but were originally inserted by Rowe.

Induction. This title for the two introductory scenes of the play is used to show that they lead the audience gradually into the main action. The word ‘Induction’ was first employed in this place by Pope, instead of the ‘Actus primus, Scaena Prima’ of the Folio. Other original act headings in Latin are ‘Actus Tertia’ at the beginning of Act III; ‘Actus Quartus. Scena Prima’ at what is now IV. iii.; and ‘Actus Quintus’ at V. ii. Pope first opened Act IV. with the present scene, and Theobald is responsible for the new division of Act V.; both of these changes have been followed in all modern editions, although the original headings are probably more correct.

Scene One S. d. The Folio stage direction here is, ‘Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly’ and throughout the Induction Sly’s speeches are assigned to ‘Beg.’ Also the Page’s lines in Scene Two are given invariably to ‘Lady’ and the First, Second, and Third Servants are sometimes designated as First, Second, and Third ‘Men.’

Ind. i. 2. *stocks*. The Hostess threatens Sly with being put in the stocks, if he will not pay for the broken glasses.

Ind. i. 5. *paucas pallabris*. These words, a corruption of the Spanish ‘pocas palabras,’ are often in the Elizabethan drama put into the mouths of the lowest characters.

Ind. i. 6. *Sessa.* An exclamation of doubtful origin, connected by some with the French 'cessez' = 'be quiet,' by others with the German 'sasa,' a cry of encouragement.

Ind. i. 9. *Go by, Jeronymy.* This phrase is a rough quotation from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*: 'Hieronimo, beware—go by, go by.' This bombastic, but popular, play was the common butt of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. The Folio reading here is, 'go by S. Ieronimie,' but the emendation has been generally adopted. The remainder of Sly's speech alludes to another famous line of Hieronimo's: 'What outcries pluck me from my naked bed?'

Ind. i. 20: *in the coldest fault.* 'When the scent was coldest and the hounds had most nearly lost it.'

Ind. i. 64. *is.* Some editors have imagined a hiatus after 'is,' some even going so far as to suggest that a line has fallen out here. The Folio reading, here retained, places the emphasis on 'is,' and makes it refer to 'lunatic' in the previous line. Although not an entirely satisfactory interpretation, it suggests the complete confusion into which the servants are to throw Sly by their contradictory protestations.

Ind. i. 79. S. d. In the Folio the stage direction, 'Enter Players,' precedes the Lord's 'Bid them come near,' evidently in order to give the Players time to reach the fore-stage from the rear entrances in time for the Lord's address to them, 'Now, fellows, you are welcome.' Throughout the play similar stage directions have been shifted a line or so to make clear the natural divisions of the text, rather than to conform to the Elizabethan stage business.

Ind. i. 88. *A Play.* This line is assigned in the Folio to 'Sincklo,' an actor with the Chamberlain's men from 1597 to 1604. His name also appears in the Quarto of *2 Henry IV.*, where the stage direction in V. iv. reads, 'Enter Sincklo and three or foure offi-

cers,' and in the First Folio edition of *3 Henry VI.*, III. i., 'Enter Sincklo, and Humfrey with Crossebowes in their hands.'

Ind. i. 88. *Soto*. There is a character called Soto in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*, who is the son of a farmer and who attempts to woo a gentlewoman; but *Women Pleas'd* is thought not to have been written until after 1604, so the reference can hardly be to that play.

Ind. i. 112. *them*. This word refers to the 'noble ladies' who accomplish (i.e., perform) honorable action unto their lords.

Ind. ii. S. d. *aloft*. Sly and his attendants enter on the balcony which was situated at the back of the Elizabethan stage, and from there they watch the play performed on the lower stage. The modern stage direction, 'A Bedroom in the Lord's House,' depends upon the fact that orders have been given to carry Sly to 'my fairest chamber' (Ind. i. 46).

Ind. ii. 19. *Burton-heath*. Perhaps Barton-on-the-Heath, a village in Warwickshire. It has been thought that throughout this scene there are to be found local allusions to the country and companions of Shakespeare's early life.

Ind. ii. 23. *Wincot*. Wincot is the name of a hamlet farm about four miles from Stratford on the road to Cheltenham. There is also a Wilnecote or Wilmecote (pronounced Wincot) about three miles north of Stratford, where lived Robert Arden, Shakespeare's maternal grandfather.

Ind. ii. 52. *Adonis*. A youthful hunter, loved by Venus and slain by a wild boar. See Shakespeare's poem, *Venus and Adonis*.

Ind. ii. 53. *Cytherea*. Venus, so called from Cythera, a Phoenician trading post, where she was especially worshipped.

Ind. ii. 56. *Io*. Daughter of Inachus, King of Argos, loved by Jupiter, who 'beguiled and surpris'd'

her under the cover of a cloud. He later changed her into a cow, to avoid Juno's suspicions. Juno sent a gadfly, which pursued Io far and wide over the world, until in Egypt she was restored to her original form.

Ind. ii. 59. *Daphne*. A nymph, loved and pursued by Apollo. She fled from him through the woods, and at last, as she was about to be caught, called on her mother, Earth, for help. Earth transformed her into a laurel, which was then chosen by Apollo as his favorite plant. This story, like that of Io, comes from Book I of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Shakespeare knew this work in Golding's translation, in which Apollo says to Daphne (I, 614-616):

‘Alas, alas how woulde it greeue my hart,
To see thee fall among the briers, and that the bloud
should start
Out of thy tender legges, I wretch the causer of thy
smart.’

Ind. ii. 89. *leet*. A court leet, or manor court, for trying those accused of using false weights and measures.

Ind. ii. 90. *seal'd quarts*. Quart measures officially stamped to show that they would hold the proper quantity.

Ind. ii. 143. *household stuff*. There is a pun here on the word 'stuff,' used both indefinitely and as material for household decoration.

I. i. 2. *Padua*. The University of Padua, founded by Frederick Barbarossa early in the thirteenth century, was at the height of its importance in Shakespeare's time.

I. i. 3. *Lombardy*. The rich plain of Lombardy in northern Italy, where Padua is situated.

I. i. 25. *Me Pardonato*. This is the Folio reading, for which many emendations have been substituted;

but it is impossible to make the words into a correct Italian phrase.

I. i. 31. *stocks*. Lifeless persons resembling posts or stocks, with a pun on 'stoics,' followers of the Greek Stoic philosophy, which teaches indifference to pleasure and pain.

I. i. 33. *Ovid*. Ovid, the poet of love, is here contrasted with Aristotle, the moral philosopher.

I. i. 47. S. d. *Pantaloон*. A regular character in Italian comedy, who represented a silly old man. Gremio corresponds to this type of person, and hence is thus described.

I. i. 55. *cart*. Carting was a punishment which consisted in driving the offender around the town in a cart. There is a pun here on 'court.'

I. i. 58. *stale*. There is a quibbling allusion here to the stale-mate in chess.

I. i. 62. *I wis*. The meaning of this line seems to be, 'Indeed marriage with you hasn't got even half way to her (my) heart.'

I. i. 107. *Their love*. There have been various interpretations of this phrase, of which the most satisfactory appears to be, 'the good will of Baptista and Bianca towards us.' It has also been referred to the affection between Katherine and her father, or to the love of Gremio and Hortensio for Katherine's accomplishments; in this last case the pronoun refers to 'gifts.' In the Third and Fourth Folios the reading is 'our,' instead of 'their.'

I. i. 136. *high-cross*. The market-place, where a cross was often erected. In some English towns there are two crosses, the *High Cross* and the *Low Cross*.

I. i. 155. *love in idleness*. Apparently an allusion to the effect of the flower so-called, i.e., the pansy. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream* II. i. 168 ff.

I. i. 158. *Anna*. Sister and confidante to Dido,

Queen of Carthage, in the fourth book of Vergil's *Aeneid*.

I. i. 166. *Redime . . . minimo.* 'Redeem thyself, captive, for the least sum possible,' a line quoted incorrectly from Terence in Lily's *Latin Grammar*, of which Shakespeare seems to have known the 1574 edition.

I. i. 172. *Agenor.* Agenor, King of Phoenicia, had a daughter Europa, for whose sake Jupiter transformed himself into a bull. In this guise he carried Europa to the island of Crete, where she lived for the rest of her life.

I. i. 211. *colour'd.* Lucentio as the master probably wore clothes of more bright and varied hues than did his servant, Tranio.

I. i. 242-251. The Folio prints ll. 242-247 as prose and ll. 248-251 as verse, although the former make very passable couplets, 'after' rhyming with 'daughter,' according to Elizabethan usage. Such confusion of prose and verse is common in the Folio.

I. ii. 29. *Latin.* To Grumio, Italian and its parent Latin are all one, as no doubt they were to many Elizabethan (not Italian) servants.

I. ii. 33. *two-and-thirty, a pip out.* 'An expression derived from the old game of Bone-ace or One-and thirty; to be *two-and-thirty, a pip out* was an old cant phrase applied to a person who was intoxicated.' (Halliwell.) A pip was a spot or mark on a playing card.

I. ii. 52. *in a few.* The Folio punctuates this line, 'Where small experience grows but in a few.'

I. ii. 69. *Florentius' love.* In Gower's *Confessio Amantis* a knight named Florent promises to marry a deformed hag if she will tell him the answer to a riddle, on which his life depends. Chaucer made use of the same plot in his *Wife of Bath's Tale*.

I. ii. 70. *Sibyl.* The name used to designate several prophetic old women. There were said to be

from four to ten of them, the most famous being the Cumæan Sibyl, who led Æneas into Hades.

I. ii. 79. *aglet-baby*. A small figure carved at the end of an aglet, i.e., the tag of a lace.

I. ii. 113. *rope-tricks*. Grumio puns on the resemblance of this word to 'rhetoric,' by introducing the expression, 'figure,' immediately afterwards.

I. ii. 117. *cat*. Because a cat keeps its eyes half-closed in the daylight. Also a possible play on the words 'cat' and 'Kate.'

I. ii. 154. *paper*. This refers to the 'note' of I. 148 and 'them' to the books. It does not seem necessary to read 'papers,' as some editors do.

I. ii. 186. *Upon . . . liking*. This line seems to mean, 'if we make an agreement satisfactory to him': i.e., if we agree to pay the expenses of his wooing. See below, ll. 218, 219 of this scene.

I. ii. 240. *That she's*. 'That' may be emphatic and 'she' equivalent to 'woman,' as some editors suggest, but this hardly seems to be a necessary interpretation.

I. ii. 247. *Leda's daughter*. Helen, wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, who was wooed and won by Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy. Her flight with him brought on the Trojan War. It was to Leda that Jupiter came in the form of a swan.

I. ii. 261. *Alcides*'. Hercules, the performer of twelve great labors, is sometimes called Alcides, from Alcæus, one of his ancestors.

II. i. 33. *dance bare-foot*. It was a popular notion that unless the elder sisters danced barefoot at the marriage of a younger one, they would inevitably become old maids.

II. i. 34. *lead . . . hell*. To lead apes in hell was said to be the punishment of old maids. Old bachelors were supposed to be doomed to be bearherds in the same place.

II. i. 73. *Backare.* 'A cant word, meaning "go back," used in allusion to a proverbial saying, "Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow," probably made in ridicule of some man who affected a knowledge of Latin without having it.' (Nares.)

II. i. 184. *hard.* A pun on 'heard,' which in Shakespeare's time was pronounced as if it were written 'hard.'

II. i. 202. *No . . . mean.* 'Women were made to bear no such jade as you, if you, by women, refer to me.' (Halliwell-Phillipps.)

II. i. 207. *buzz.* There is a pun on the words 'be,' 'bee'; and also on 'buzz,' the verb, and 'buzz,' the contemptuous interjection.

II. i. 209. *Ay . . . buzzard.* In this line Katherine uses 'buzzard' in both its senses: 'as he (a blockhead) takes a buzzard (an inferior kind of hawk).' To take one bird for another was in proverbial use, as typifying an ignoramus. Here Kate means also that Petruchio will be a fool in taking her for a turtle dove, as she is really a hawk.

II. i. 223. *books.* There is also a pun here on the common meaning of the phrase, 'in one's books,' meaning 'in one's favor.'

II. i. 260. *Yes . . . warm.* A reference to the proverb, 'To have wit enough to keep oneself warm.'

II. i. 289. *Grissel.* An allusion to patient Griselda, the heroine of Chaucer's *Clerk's Tale*.

II. i. 290. *Lucrece.* Lucretia was a Roman matron, famous for her chastity, who killed herself after she had been violated. See Shakespeare's poem, *The Rape of Lucrece*.

II. i. 317, 318. *We . . . Sunday.* Collier, in his edition of 1842, writes, 'Portions of these lines read as if they had been taken from a ballad. If any such be in print, it has never been pointed out by the commentators; but the following, from the recitation of an old lady, who heard it from her mother

(then forty), at least sixty years ago, bears a strong resemblance to what Petruchio seems to quote:

To church away!
We will have rings
And fine array
With other things,
Against the day,
For I'm to be married on Sunday.'

II. i. 343. *Tyrian tapestry.* So called from the celebrated purple dye made in ancient Tyre from certain mollusks.

II. i. 345. *arras counterpoints.* Called 'counterpoints' because of contrasted points, or panes, of different colors. 'Arras' was a superior kind of tapestry, which took its name from the town of Arras, the chief seat of its manufacture.

II. i. 399. *fac'd . . . ten.* The figure comes from the game of Primero, in which to 'face' was to 'stand boldly upon a card': for example, to act as if a ten spot were really a court card, i.e., king, queen, or jack.

III. i. 28, 29. *Hic . . . senis.* From Ovid's *Epistolæ Heroides*, i. 33, 34. 'Here flowed Simois; here is the Sigerian land; here stood the lofty palace of aged Priam.' The standard Latin text reads 'Hac' instead of 'Hic' and 'Sigeia' instead of 'Sigeria.'

III. i. 49-51. *How . . . yet.* In the Folio these lines are given to Lucentio, as is l. 52; ll. 53, 54 are assigned to Bianca and ll. 55-59 to Hortensio.

III. i. 83. *Serv.* This line is assigned in the Folio to 'Nicke,' perhaps the Nicholas Tooley whose name occurs among the 'Principall Actors in all these Playes' in the First Folio.

III. ii. 49. *chapeless.* The chape is variously described as the metal at the end of the scabbard, the

hook on it, or the piece of leather to which the scabbard is attached and which slides on the belt.

III. ii. 53. *lampass*. A disease in horses consisting in a swelling of the soft parts of the roof of the mouth, just behind the fore-teeth.

III. ii. 71. '*humour of forty fancies*.' The title of a collection of ballads; the book had been rolled up and stuck in Grumio's hat instead of a plume.

III. ii. 131. The Folio reads for this line: 'But sir, Love concerneth us to add.'

III. ii. 214. *green*. 'Green' may mean here 'new' (sarcastically of course, as his boots were really old), but more probably it is merely a proverbial saying.

III. ii. 234, 235. *My . . . anything*. The allusion is to the tenth commandment. See Exodus 20. 17.

IV. i. 6. *a little pot*. A reference to the proverb, 'A little pot is soon hot.' The actor who took the part of Grumio was evidently of small stature.

IV. i. 28. *beast*. Curtis takes it that Grumio has called him a beast, by the epithet 'fellow' following the phrase 'man, woman, and beast . . . my old master, and my new mistress, and myself.' This speech of Curtis's is assigned to Grumio in the Folio, where ll. 120-122 of this scene are by a misprint headed 'Gre.' instead of 'Gru.'

IV. i. 43. '*Jack, boy! ho, boy!*' 'The beginning of an old catch, the words and music of which are given in Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, 1609. It runs thus:

"Jacke boy, ho boy, Newes:
The cat is in the well
Let us sing now for her knell
Ding dong, ding dong, bell."

Of course the word *news* suggests it to Grumio.' (Rolfe.)

IV. i. 51, 52. *Be . . . without*. There is a pun

here on both 'jacks' and 'jills,' meaning first 'males and females,' and secondly, 'two kinds of vessels for drinking.' 'The *jacks*, being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within; whereas the *jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside, like the leather.' (Steevens.)

IV. i. 94. *indifferent knit.* 'Indifferent' has been variously glossed by editors as meaning, 'very different,' 'not different,' 'of a passable quality' and 'of the ordinary tie, not looped too conspicuously.'

IV. i. 137. *link.* The smoke from a 'link,' or pitch torch, was sometimes used for restoring the blackness of a rusty hat.

IV. i. 143. *Where . . . led.* The fragment of an old song, quoted also by Pistol in *2 Henry IV.*, V. iii. 136.

IV. i. 145. *Soud.* Variously explained as 'sweet,' 'the burden of an old song,' 'the humming of a tune,' or 'a word coined by the poet to express the noise made by a person heated or fatigued.' The last of these explanations seems the most probable.

IV. i. 148, 149. *It . . . way.* A fragment of another old song, now lost. Bishop Percy's ballad, *The Friar of Orders Gray*, was suggested by, and is partially made up of, this and other fragments scattered through the plays of Shakespeare.

IV. i. 201. *Last night.* It is difficult to see how Petruchio could know this, unless he and Katherine had been a night upon the road, which is nowhere indicated. Perhaps this is merely one of the inconsistent slips sometimes made by Shakespeare.

IV. i. 211. *This . . . kindness.* A proverbial expression. Compare the title of Heywood's play, *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (acted 1608).

IV. i. 213. *shrew.* Probably pronounced, as it was sometimes written, 'shrow.' Compare V. ii. 28,

where it rhymes with 'woe,' and V. ii. 189, where it rhymes with 'so,' as it does here with 'show.'

IV. ii. 4, 5. *Sir . . . teaching.* These lines are assigned in the Folio to Lucentio, where ll. 6 and 8 are given to Hortensio; l. 71 of this scene is headed 'Par.'

IV. ii. 8. *Art to Love.* An allusion to Ovid's poem, entitled, *Ars Amatoria*.

IV. ii. 57. *eleven and twenty.* A reference to the game of 'Bone-ace' or 'One-and-thirty.' Cf. I. ii. 83, and note.

IV. ii. 95. *Pisa . . . citizens.* This line is a repetition of I. i. 10.

IV. iii. 63. *Hab.* The Folio assigns the Haberdasher's line to 'Fel.'

IV. iii. 91. *censer.* These censers were used commonly in barber shops, where in addition to sweetening the atmosphere they were used to warm water and dry cloths.

IV. iii. 172. *Even . . . habiliments.* This line is taken bodily from the old play, which is followed unusually closely throughout this scene. Cf. Appendix A.

IV. iv. 5. *Where . . . Pegasus.* This line is assigned to Tranio in the Folio and thus made to go with the following speech. Stevens says *à propos* of this line, 'Shakespeare has taken a sign out of London and hung it up in Padua.'

IV. iv. 18. S. d. The unusual stage direction, 'Pedant booted and bare-headed' seems to be a note for the actor who played the Pedant as to how he should appear in the first interview with Baptista. It should be noted, however, that the Pedant is already on the stage, 'drest like Vincentio' and presumably booted as from a journey. At this point no doubt he was to remove his hat out of deference to Baptista's entrance.

IV. iv. 67. *I . . . heart.* This line is given to

Biondello in the Folio, and some editors have changed 'Cambio' in l. 62 to 'Biondello' for agreement's sake. As Lucentio, not Biondello, was acting as Baptista's servant, and as it is an integral part of the plot to have Lucentio sent for Bianca, it seems better to retain 'Cambio' in l. 62 and to reassign l. 67 to Lucentio.

IV. iv. 68. The Folio has after this line the stage direction, 'Enter Peter,' which seems to be entirely unnecessary.

IV. iv. 93, 94. *cum . . . solum*. 'With the right of exclusive printing,' the words put on books so licensed. Here the reference is to the exclusive rights of marriage.

V. i. 120. *supposes*. Gascoigne's translation of Ariosto's *I Suppositi*, from which the intrigue-plot of *The Taming of the Shrew* comes, is entitled *The Supposes*. The proper title would be *The Substitutions*, and this sense may underlie the use of *supposes* in the present line.

V. ii. 16. *fears*. This word meant both 'to be afraid of' and 'to frighten.' Petruchio uses it in the former sense, but the Widow takes it in the latter. Grumio puns on this word in I. ii. 214.

V. ii. 176. This line seems to mean, 'Seeming as we do to be most that which we indeed least are'; the difficulty lies in the fact that 'seeming' has no word to modify and must be referred to the 'we' implied in 'our' of the preceding line.

V. ii. 187. *white*. There is also a pun here on the name 'Bianca,' meaning 'white' in Italian.

APPENDIX A

SOURCES OF THE PLAY

The chief source of *The Taming of the Shrew* is the older play, *The Taming of a Shrew*, which was entered in the Stationers' Register on May 2, 1594, as, 'A plesant Conceyted historie called the Tayminge of a Shrowe,' and which first appeared in print the same year. It contains, in a rude form, the story that Shakespeare used in the 'Induction' of *The Shrew*, the story of a beggar temporarily turned lord. A German scholar, A. von Weilen, finds the earliest appearance of this tale in Marco Polo's travels, and a later oriental version in the *Arabian Nights* story of 'The Sleeper Awakened.' The first European appearance of the plot is said to be the account of an actual historical occurrence at the court of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, retold by Ludovico Vives in his 'Letters,' as on the authority of an eyewitness. Thomas Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, states that a book of stories by Richard Edwards, dated 1570, also contained the story, and surmises this to be the immediate source of the story in *A Shrew*. In the old play, Sly figures more prominently in the action than in Shakespeare's work, where he drops out after the first scene of the First Act. In *A Shrew* he intersperses remarks four times during the main play and finally falls asleep, to be returned at the Lord's command to his former estate. Many reasons have been sought for Shakespeare's early elimination of Sly, but the absorbing interest aroused by the main story seems sufficiently to account for Sly's slipping unobserved out of the play. The epilogue of *A Shrew* rounds out the story,

but it is distinctly anti-climactic from the dramatic point of view. It runs:

Then enter two bearing of *Slie* in his
Owne apparrell againe, and leaues him
Where they found him, and then goes out.

Then enter the *Tapster*

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appeares in crystall sky,
Now must I hast abroad! but soft whose this?
What *Slie* oh wondrous hath he laine here allnight,
Ile wake him, I thinke he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuft with ale,
What how *Slie*, Awake for shame.

Slie. Sim gis some more wine, whats all the
Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?

Tapster. A Lord with a murrin: come art thou
dronken still?

Slie. Whose this? *Tapster*, oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.

Tapster. I marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here to-
night.

Slie. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too,
And if she anger me.

Tapster. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night

Exeunt Omnes.

The old play likewise contains the germ of practically all the scenes of *The Shrew* in which Petruchio and Katherine (called there Ferando and Kate) figure. Shakespeare is supposed to have known also

a ballad published about 1550-1560, entitled *A Merry Jest of a Shrewd and Curst Wife lapped in Morel's skin for her Good Behavior*, which dealt with a similar story, but his main taming scenes are all clearly based on similar situations in *A Shrew*: the lute scene, the first meeting of the shrew and her tamer, the wedding, the arrival home, the starving process, the interview with the tailor, the disputes over the hour of the day and over the sun and moon, the old man addressed as a woman, and finally the scene of the wager. In some places the later play follows the earlier one quite slavishly; in others the elaboration is very extensive, largely for the sake of character development. An example of the latter method is illustrated in the courtship of the lovers, the first interview between Ferando and Kate being the merest foreshadowing of the 'Kate of Kate Hall' scene:

Feran. Twentie good morrowes to my louely *Kate*.

Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours alreadie?

Feran. I tell thee *Kate* I know thou lou'st me well.

Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you so?

Feran. My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate*.

Kate. Was euer seene so grose an asse as this?

Feran. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.

Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.

Feran. I prethe doo *kate*; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like the better for I would haue thee so.

Kate. Let go my hand for feare it reech your eare.

Feran. No *kate*, this hand is mine and I thy loue.

Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcock wants his taile.

Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.

Alfon. How now, *Ferando*, what saies my daughter?

Feran. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.

Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

The scenes with the Tailor, on the other hand, are remarkably similar in the two plays. *A Shrew* has:

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander*

San. Master the haberdasher has brought my Mistresse home hir cappe here.

Feran. Come hither sirra: what haue you there?

Habar. A velvet cappe sir and it please you.

Feran. Who spoake for it? didst thou *Kate*?

Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me The cap, Ile see if it will fit me.

She sets it one hir head.

Feran. O monstrous: why it becomes thee not, Let me see it *Kate*: here sirra take it hence This cappe is out of fashion quite.

Kate. The fashion is good inough: belike you Meane to make a foole of me.

Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee To haue thee put on such a curtald cappé, Sirra begon with it.

Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.

San. Here is the *Taylor* too with my Mistris gowne.

Feran. Let me see it *Taylor*: what with cuts and iaggies.

Sounes you villaine, thou hast spoiled the gowne.

Taylor. Why sir I made it as your man gaue me direction.

You may reade the note here.

Feran. Come hither sirra *Taylor* reade the note.

Taylor. Item. a faire round compast cape.

San. I thats true.

Taylor. And a large truncke sleeve.

San. Thats a lie maister, I sayd two truncke sleeves.

Feran. Well sir goe forward.

Taylor. Item a loose bodied gowne.

San. Maister if euer I sayd loose bodies gowne,

Sew me in a seame and beate me to death,
With a bottome of browne thred.

Taylor. I made it as the note bad me.

San. I say the note lies in his throute and thou too
And thou sayst it.

Taylor. Nay nay nere be so hot sirra, for I feare
you not.

San. Doost thou heare Taylor, thou hast braued
Many men: braue not me.

Thou'st faste many men.

Taylor. Well sir.

San. Face not me Ile neither be faste nor braued
At thy handes I can tell thee.

Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Heres more a do then needs Ile have it, I
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.

Feran. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse

San. Sounds villaine not for thy life touch it not,
Sounds take vp my mistris gowne to his
Maisters vse?

Feran. Well sir whats your conceit of it.

San. I have a deeper conceite in it then you thinke
for, take

Vp my mistris gowne
To his maisters vse?

Feran. Tailor come hether: for this time take it
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

Taylor. I thanke you sir. *Exit Taylor.*

Feran. Come Kate we now will go see thy fathers
house

Euen in these honest meane abilliments,
Our purses shall be rich, our garments plaine,
To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And that's inough, what should we care for more
Thy sisters *Kate* to morrow must be wed,
And I haue promised them thou shouldst be there
The morning is well vp lets hast away,

It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.
Kate. Nine a clock, why tis allreadie past two
 In the after noone by all the clocks in the towne.
Feran. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.
Kate. I say tis two a clock in the after noone.
Feran. It shall be nine then ere we go to your fathers,
 Come backe againe we will not go to day.
 Nothing but crossing of me still,
 Ile haue you say as I doo ere you go. *Exeunt Omnes.*

The Bianca plot is also present in *A Shrew*, although in a modified form. Here Kate has two sisters, Philema (Bianca) and Emelia (Widow), each wooed by one suitor, Aurelius (Lucentio) and Polidor (Hortensio) respectively. Aurelius does his wooing in the character of a merchant's son and has a certain Phylotus (Pedant) play the rôle of his father. Valeria (Tranio) impersonates Aurelius and is surprised in his disguise by Aurelius's true father, the Duke of Sestos (Vincentio). These episodes of the disguised wooer, the false father, and the surprisal of the imposture come ultimately from George Gascoigne's *Supposes* (1566), a translation of Ariosto's comedy, *I Suppositi*. Now there are also incidents in Gascoigne which figure in *The Taming of the Shrew* without appearing in *A Shrew*, thus showing that Shakespeare must have gone back to one of the original sources of *A Shrew* to eke out his own work. These modifications of the old play are: (a) the servant who assumes his master's rôle urges a pretended suit for the hand of the same lady; (b) the young lady who is wooed by the gentleman in disguise has also an old but wealthy suitor (Gremio), and her father desires to give her hand to the wealthiest suitor; (c) the false father poses as parent of the masquerading servant, not as in *A Shrew* as parent of the disguised master; (d) the actor of the false father is led to undertake the deception by being told

he has arrived at a city unfriendly to his own; and (e) the false and true father (now representing one and the same person) meet, and each vigorously maintains his right to the character. There also appear in Gascoigne's *Supposes* two servants known as Petrucio and Licio, Italian names which figure in *The Shrew*, though there applied to other and more important characters.

It seems probable then that *The Taming of the Shrew*, as we know it, comes directly from *A Shrew* (with new material from Gascoigne added), though Professor ten Brink has set forth an ingenious theory that both plays went back to a common lost source, a youthful play of Shakespeare's. This is an attempt to explain the marked agreement in language between the two plays and the unparalleled excellence of *A Shrew*, the author of which is called by Swinburne 'of all the pre-Shakespeareans incomparably the truest, the richest, the most powerful and original humorist.' Pope, indeed, followed by Courthope and some later editors, claimed *A Shrew* itself as an early work of Shakespeare's, while other commentators have assigned it variously to Peele, Greene, Kyd, and Marlowe. There are certain markedly Marlovian passages in the play, but it seems safest to infer only that its unknown author was an admirer and an imitator (generally a rather servile one) of the author of *Tamburlaine*. Whoever he was, *The Shrew* owes much to his work; without it Shakespeare's play would never have been written in its present form.

It has also been very generally believed that another dramatist beside Shakespeare and the author of *A Shrew* is represented in the later play. The scenes of the Induction and those which deal with Petruchio and Katherine are universally admitted, as they now stand, to be the work of Shakespeare, but the underplot is for the most part so markedly dif-

ferent from the rest of the play that a collaborator is supposed to have assisted in working over *A Shrew*. The facts that the Bianca story is so clearly differentiated from the Katherine plot (witness the almost exact alternation of scenes in Act IV), that the two parts of the play are not in the least similar in tone, and that all the material coming directly from Gascoigne's *Supposes* falls in the underplot of *The Shrew* tend to confirm the belief in a dual authorship. Many attempts have been made to divide the present text of *The Shrew* into the Shakespearean and non-Shakesperean parts, but, as is usual in such cases, authorities have generally disagreed as to details. The table on the page opposite represents the general consensus of critical opinion in the matter, among those who assume Shakespeare to have had a collaborator in this play.

<i>Shakesperean</i>	<i>Doubtful</i>	<i>Non-Shakespearean</i>
Induction		
		Act I, Scene 1
		Act I, Scene 2.
		Act II, Scene 1, 1-114
	Act II, Scene 1, 115-168	
Act II, Scene 1, 169-318		Act II, Scene 1, 319-405
		Act III, Scene 1
	Act III, Scene 2, 1-89	
Act III, Scene 2, 90-126		Act III, Scene 2, 127-151
		Act III, Scene 2, 152-186
Act III, Scene 2, 187-242		
		Act III, Scene 2, 243-255
Act IV, Scene 1		Act IV, Scene 2
Act IV, Scene 3		Act IV, Scene 4
Act IV, Scene 5		Act V, Scene 1
Act V, Scene 2, 1- 176		Act V, Scene 2, 177-182
		Act V, Scene 2, 183-190

APPENDIX B

HISTORY OF THE PLAY

Nothing definite is known about the date at which *The Taming of the Shrew* was first written and produced; this subject has been a fruitful field of controversy for Shakespearean scholars. Some have put the play as early as 1594, the year in which *A Shrew* was printed, some as late as 1604-1609, because of certain supposed allusions in the text to contemporary events. These last references are by no means so definite as to be conclusive, especially in the face of the internal evidence,¹ which points to very early composition. One great difficulty in the matter is that *The Shrew* does not appear in Meres's list of 1598, though this may be because the work is only in part Shakespeare's or because Meres 'affects a pedantic parallelism of numbers,' giving only six comedies to balance his six 'tragedies.' Another plausible, although not entirely satisfactory, theory has it that this play is the *Love's Labour's Won* of Meres. The strongest argument for the identification has been set forth by Professor A. H. Tolman in his *Views about Hamlet and other Essays*, but as yet we have no conclusive evidence upon this vexed point. It seems possible, however, that Shakespeare might originally have called his drama by the appropriate name *Love's Labour's Won* to distinguish it forcibly from the popular *Taming of A Shrew*, and when the old play had been definitely superseded by the newer version, that he returned to an approximation of the earlier and more literal title.

¹ König finds fewer unstopped lines in this play than in any other of Shakespeare's works.

Whether or not *Love's Labour's Won* may be identified with *The Shrew*, however, Meres's omission of this play is not necessarily a proof that it was not in existence in 1598, still less that it was not being written at about that time. A point in favor of this latter supposition is that line 88 of the first scene of the Induction is, in the Folio, given to 'Sincklo,' who, according to Fleay, was an actor with the Chamberlain's men from 1597 to 1604. This fact, coupled with the evidence for early composition furnished by metrical tests, rather points to 1597-1598 as the time of the play's appearance; but after all, it is impossible to fix any very definite date for the composition of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

We know, from the title-page of the First Quarto, dated 1631, that this play 'was acted by his Maiesties Servants at the Blacke Friers and the Globe' theatres; and in 1633 it was given at court before the king and queen. It did not, however, survive much longer upon the stage in its original form. The first important revision of it was that made under the title of *Sauny the Scot* by John Lacy, performed on April 9, 1667, at the Theatre Royal and published in 1698. Pepys writes of it: 'To the King's house and there saw *The Taming of a Shrew*, which hath some very good pieces in it, but generally is but a mean play; and the best part, "Sauny," done by Lacy; and hath not half its life, by reason of the words, I suppose, not being understood, at least by me.' In this play Grumio's part, much enlarged, is made into that of a Scotch servant, Sauny (compare his original name of Sander in *A Shrew*); the scene is laid in London instead of Padua; and the dialogue is shortened, as well as all put into prose. Lacy wrote a new Fifth Act which dealt with Katherine (now Margaret)'s renewed assertion of independence on regaining the shelter of her father's roof. Petruccio first treats her silence as if it were due to the

toothache, until she discomfits the Barber who is introduced to extract the offending member. Ultimately the shrew is brought to her senses by a mock funeral in which she figures as the corpse and is bound on a bier. Her cries of protest are interpreted by Petruchio as being the words of a demon within her body, and it is only with Margaret's final surrender, 'My dear Petruchio, you have overcome me, and I beg your pardon,' that she is released in time for the final wager scene. This piece was revived at Drury Lane in 1698 and at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1725.

Other offshoots of Shakespeare's play have been *The Cobbler of Preston*, a two act farce by Charles Johnson, performed at Drury Lane in 1716, and a slighter version of the same piece by Christopher Bullock, given at Lincoln's Inn Fields in the same year. This latter play was revived at Covent Garden in both 1738 and 1759, and Johnson's work was again given at Drury Lane in 1817, a century after its original performance. These works dealt with the Sly story of the Induction in a somewhat enlarged form, Johnson's play even including a love story for Sir Charles Briton, the 'Lord' of *The Shrew*; but a great deal of *The Shrew*'s original dialogue is retained. More distantly related to Shakespeare is Jevon's *The Devil of a Wife; or a Comical Transformation*, acted in 1686, a curious combination of the Shrew and Induction plots with an admixture of magic, satire on the Puritans, and incidental songs, a strange piece, which ultimately became an opera outright under the title of *The Devil to Pay; or the Wives Metamorphos'd*. Other acting plays somewhat indebted to *The Shrew* are John Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* (1624), and more especially, John Tobin's comedy of *The Honeymoon* (1805). It is also interesting to note that Fletcher wrote a sort of

satirical sequel to *The Shrew*, which he called *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tam'd*, dated variously from 1604 to 1621. In this play Katherine has died and Petruchio is married to Maria, a cousin of his first wife's, by whom he is henpecked and subdued.

The most important and most famous version of Shakespeare's play is Garrick's *Katharine and Petruchio*, which was first given at Drury Lane on March 18, 1754. Garrick's chief motive in his work was to shorten and prune the original, which he did so successfully that his work, generally performed as an afterpiece to some tragedy, has only three comparatively brief acts. This was accomplished by omitting the Induction and the entire secondary plot of the comedy, including the characters of Grumio, Lucentio, Tranio, Vincentio, the Pedant, and the Widow. He introduced a 'Music Master' to play Hortensio's 'Broken Lute' scene, gave to Biondello Gremio's descriptive speeches about the wedding, had them spoken to a servant named Pedro, presented Hortensio and Bianca as already married, and changed Curtis from a man into an old woman. This latter transformation has, by the way, become a generally accepted stage tradition, along with the representation of the Tailor as a stutterer. Naturally Garrick added to the text of the play throughout, his most famous original passage being Katharine's soliloquy after the wooing scene at the end of the First Act:

Why, yes; sister Bianca now shall see,
The poor abandon'd Katharine, as she calls me,
Can make her husband stoop unto her lure,
And hold her head as high, and be as proud,
As she, or e'er a wife in Padua.
As double as my portion be my scorn!
Look to your seat, Petruchio, or I throw you:
Katharine shall tame this haggard; or, if she fails,
Shall tie her tongue up, and pare down her nails.

The immense success of Garrick's piece is its own best justification. For ninety years it held the stage and was presented hundreds of times throughout the English-speaking world. Henry Woodward was its first Petruchio, and Mrs. Pritchard, later followed by Kitty Clive, the Katharine. It is recorded that as Woodward and Mrs. Clive were not upon good terms personally, the horseplay in the taming scenes was more boisterous and lifelike than necessary; once Woodward threw his Katherine to the ground in the course of the action, and another time he is said to have stuck a fork into her finger. Among the famous Petruchios to follow Woodward in Garrick's farce were Edward Shuter, John Philip Kemble, J. W. Wallack, and Charles Kemble; its Katharines have included Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Siddons, Eliza O'Neill, and Helena Faucit. Garrick's piece held the stage from 1754 until 1844, when Benjamin Webster revived *The Shrew* according to the text of Shakespeare and according to contemporary ideas about Elizabethan stage conditions. The play produced by John Philip Kemble in 1810 under Shakespeare's title had proved to be Garrick's version once again, and the four performances at Drury Lane in 1828 were of an opera based on the play. In 1856 Samuel Phelps revived the original drama with scrupulous fidelity to the text and 'according to the usage of the modern stage,' restoring the Induction so that he might himself appear as Sly; Henry Mardon was Petruchio and Miss Atkinson, Katherine. More recent English performances in these parts have been those of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, 1867 (their first appearance together), Johnston Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Bernard-Beere, 1885, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Benson, 1890, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Beerbohm Tree, 1897, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Asche (Lily Brayton), 1904,—Mr. Asche acted both Petru-

chio and Sly—and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Harvey (Nina de Silva), 1918.

In America *Katharine and Petruchio* was first presented in 1766, with Margaret Cheer and Lewis Hallam in the leading parts. This version long held its place on our stage, being given by such actors as Fanny and Charles Kemble, 1832, Fanny Wallack and James R. Anderson, 1848, Mrs. Scott-Siddons and James K. Mortimer, 1869, and Clara Morris and Louis James, 1871. Petruchio was a famous part of Edwin Booth's, but he used a two-act variant of Garrick's piece, prepared by himself; it was always given as an afterpiece to one of his tragic rôles. His leading ladies in this play included Ada Clifton, Isabella Bateman, Rose Eyttinge, and Fanny Davenport. In 1870 Marie Seebach, a German actress, produced in New York a German version of *The Shrew*, which purported to be true to the original version, but which was in four acts, omitted the Induction, and materially altered the subplot. The first performance in America to follow approximately the Folio text was that given at Daly's Theatre, New York, on January 18, 1887, under the direction of Augustin Daly. This revival met with remarkable success and continued to be given with various supporting casts all through the lifetime of Ada Rehan, whose Katherine was her best rôle and whose performance dominated the piece. The original cast enlisted the best talent of Daly's famous company, including George Clark as the Lord, William Gilbert as Christopher Sly, John Drew as Petruchio, Otis Skinner as Lucentio, Charles Leclercq as Gremio, Joseph Holland as Hortensio, James Lewis as Grumio, Virginia Dreher as Bianca, and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert as Curtis. Later Petruchios to Miss Rehan's Katherine were George Clark, Charles Richman, and Otis Skinner.

Daly's version of *The Shrew* was based on Shake-

speare's text, but there were many cuts, transpositions, and additions, all made for the sake of dramatic effectiveness. The dialogue was curtailed throughout, until of Shakespeare's 2647 lines only about 2000 appear in this acting version. As Katherine was admittedly to be the star part, she does not come on in the street scene of the First Act and thus gains an extremely effective entrance as the curtain rises on Act II; also she brings down the final curtain of this act with Garrick's interpolated speech already cited. In the Third Act she does not appear until after the wedding ceremony, and both she and Petruchio are eliminated from V. i. Both scenes of Act III are played as one, and Act IV is condensed into two sets; Scenes 2 and 4 go well enough together, but when Scenes 1, 3 and 5 are telescoped, the speed of Katherine's taming becomes too rapid to maintain the illusion. Nevertheless the practical success of this version was phenomenal: it was presented not only in the United States and Canada, but in England, Germany, and France. In Paris Constant Coquelin, the great French comedian, saw the performance and as a result decided to play Petruchio himself. The French version of Paul Delair, known as '*La Mégère Apprivoisée*', was produced by Coquelin in Paris, and later in New York (1892) with Jane Hading as Katherine. A recent production in France was that given at the Théâtre Antoine on April 24, 1919, with M. Gémier and Mme. Celiat in the leading parts. In Germany the drama has been very popular and has figured nearly every year in the metropolitan and provincial repertoires under the title of '*Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*'; a German version of the play was given at the Irving Place Theatre in New York City during March, 1916.

In 1903 Elsie Leslie and Jefferson Winter gave a performance of *The Shrew* which included the Induction and Garrick's *Katharine and Petruchio*, per-

haps the only time that such a combined text has been seen on the stage. In 1905 E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe first acted the play, which they have continuously kept in their repertoire since then; the Induction is excluded from their somewhat condensed version. Ermete Novelli and Signora O. Giannini presented an Italian translation of the play in New York in 1907, and in 1915 Margaret Anglin (with Eric Blind as her leading man) presented the play there, as she had previously done in Australia and the West. In this latter revival no words except those to be found in the Folio were used, though the text was slightly cut; the Induction was at first presented by Miss Anglin, but later she dropped it from her version of the play. This production was made in the 'new manner,' an attempt to approximate the conditions of the Elizabethan theatre, so that it was possible to present the play almost as Shakespeare wrote it, without frequent and prolonged changes of scenery. The decorations were done for Miss Anglin by Livingston Platt.

Certain amateur performances of *The Shrew* may be also noted in this place. The Oxford University Dramatic Society produced it at Oxford in 1897, and again for seven performances, beginning February 6, 1907. As is customary with this organization, professional actresses were imported to take the women's rôles, the part of Katherine falling first to Miss Marian Morris and then to Miss Lily Brayton, who had already performed it on the regular stage. On June 18, 1910, the Yale Dramatic Association presented the play out of doors on the Yale Campus, 'for one performance only.' At this time the Induction and a conventional version of the main play were given.

A German opera made from the drama was first performed at Mannheim, on October 14, 1874, and

was revived at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on March 15, 1916. The music for this work was composed by Herman Goetz, and the libretto, *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*, was prepared by Joseph Victor Widmann. In the process Shakespeare's play naturally underwent great change in treatment, one important difference being in the psychology of the principal characters. Petruchio is represented as having seen and loved Katherine before he undertakes to marry her, his rough exterior is merely for the purpose of winning her love; Katherine, on the other hand, succumbs at once to Petruchio's masterful wooing and confesses to herself after the first scene with him that she has quite lost her heart. When the taming process ultimately breaks her pride and she admits her defeat, Petruchio throws off his mask and the lovers are ready to join in a conventional operatic love duet. Another and quite different interpretation of the leading characters in Shakespeare's play is that set forth in a 'travesty in one act,' called *The Ladies' Shakespeare*, 'being one woman's reading of a notorious work called *The Taming of the Shrew*, edited by J. M. Barrie.' In this work, not as yet published, but produced on the stage by Miss Maude Adams at Rochester, N. Y., in October, 1914, and subsequently during the season of 1914-1915 on tour, Barrie explains that Katherine was really the tamer, not the tamed, that she was hoodwinking Petruchio all the time, by pretending to want things she didn't care about and so getting what she really wanted. It is he who ultimately capitulates, not she, because her tact and finesse get the better of his blundering bluffness. It is astonishing how, with a prologue setting forth this view and stage business to back it up, Shakespeare's dialogue, practically without a change, lends itself to such a feminist interpretation of the play. Barrie finds that even in

Shakespeare the eternal feminine triumphs over mere man, and so the whirligig of time has brought in its revenges!

APPENDIX C

THE TEXT OF THE PRESENT EDITION

The text of the present volume is, by permission of the Oxford University Press, that of the Oxford Shakespeare, edited by the late W. J. Craig, except for the following deviations:

1. The stage directions of the Folio have been restored as far as possible, with necessary modern additions enclosed in square brackets.

2. A few changes in spelling have been made, as: *antic* for *antick*, *buzz* for *buz*, *bass* for *base* (*string*), and *villainy* for *villany*.

3. Certain alterations of punctuation have been introduced, and the following readings have been changed, chiefly to follow the Folio more closely. The changes adopted in the present text precede the colon; Craig's readings follow it, the Folio authority being given wherever involved:

Dramatis Personæ } Katherina F: Katharina
and throughout. }

Ind. i. 17 cur, is: cur is

Ind. i. 64 And when F: And, when
is, say F: is—say

Ind. ii. 75 Christopher F: Christophero

Ind. ii. 129 despite (despight F): spite

Ind. ii. 139 I will let F: I will; let
play. It is F: play it. Is

Ind. ii. 140 comonty, (Comontie, F): commonty
gambold, F: gambold

I. i. 25 Me Pardonato F: Mi perdonate
mine: F: mine,

I. i. 48 }

I. ii. 51 } farther F: further

IV. ii. 75 }

- I. ii. 28 leges F: 'leges
 I. ii. 145 it is F: 'tis
 I. ii. 154 paper F: papers
 I. ii. 210 larums F: 'larums
 II. i. 25 venuto,: venuto;
 II. i. 160 had she F: she had
 II. i. 190 Kates F: cates
 II. i. 202 as you F: as bear you
 II. i. 207 should—buzz! (should: buzz. F): should
 buzz
 II. i. 324 seek, is F: seek is,
 III. i. 19 } pointed F: 'pointed
 III. ii. 1 }
 III. i. 28, 31, 43 Hic F: Hac
 III. i. 28, 33, 43 Sigeria F: Sigeia
 III. i. 45 not, F: not;
 III. ii. 15 point F: 'point
 III. ii. 16 Make friends, invite F: Make friends
 invite
 III. ii. 170 why, he F: why he
 III. ii. 239 we are F: we're
 IV. i. 51 jacks: Jacks (Iackes F)
 IV. i. 52 jills: Jills (Gils F)
 the carpets F: and carpets
 IV. i. 93 slickly F: sleekly
 IV. ii. 35 world F: world,
 IV. ii. 45 } longeth F: 'longeth
 IV. iv. 7 }
 IV. ii. 73, 74 farthest F: furthest.
 IV. iii. 2 wrong, F: wrong
 IV. iii. 58 beads, F: beads
 IV. iii. 134 *Imprimis*, a F: *Imprimis*. A
 IV. iii. 150 where, thou: where thou F
 IV. iii. 177 What, is: What is F
 IV. iv. 91 except: expect F
 V. i. 5 a' (a F): o'
 V. i. 6 master's: master (mistris F)
 V. i. 76 cerns (cernes F): 'cerns.
 V. i. 105 say that F: say, that
 V. i. 115 sweet F: sweetest
 V. i. 118 Vincentio, F: Vincentio;
 V. i. 146 all but: all, but F
 V. ii. 3 scapes F: 'scapes.
 V. ii. 78 I'll (Ile F): I will
 V. ii. 114 crowns, F: crowns;

APPENDIX D

SUGGESTIONS FOR COLLATERAL READING

Hazlitt, William: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays* (1817), pp. 312-320.

Hudson, Henry Norman: *Lectures on Shakespeare* (1848), Vol. 1, pp. 227-237.

Clarke, Mary Cowden: *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines* (1850-1852), *Everyman's Library* ed., Vol. 2, pp. 80-161.

Tolman, Albert H.: *Shakespeare's Part in 'The Taming of the Shrew'* (1890), *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, Vol. V, pp. 200-278.

Lang, Andrew: *The Comedies of Shakespeare*, with Illustrations by E. A. Abbey, XIII, *Harper's Magazine* (1894), Vol. XC, pp. 89-102.

Boas, Frederick S.: *Shakespere and his Predecessors* (1896), pp. 172-181.

Way, Arthur S.; Rolfe, W. J.; and Crowell, Ella: *New Views of Shakespeare's Shrew* (1896), *Poet Lore*, Vol. 8, pp. 169-197.

Tolman, Albert H.: *The Views about Hamlet and Other Essays* (1904), pp. 203-243, and (in connection with *Love's Labour's Won*), pp. 292-313.

Boas, Frederick S., Editor: *The Taming of a Shrew*, *The Shakespeare Library* (1908).

Winter, William: *Shakespeare on the Stage. Second Series* (1915), pp. 481-541.

INDEX OF WORDS GLOSSED

(Figures in full-faced type refer to page-numbers)

- a' (he): **86** (IV. v. 35)
a' (at): **88** (V. i. 5)
aboard: **57** (III. ii. 174)
action, bring mine: **60** (III.
ii. 237)
ado: **93** (V. i. 149)
Adonis: **8** (Ind. ii. 52)
advice: **16** (I. i. 116)
advis'd: **19** (I. i. 190)
Æacides: **49** (III. i. 53)
affect (incline to): **13** (I.
i. 40)
affected (disposed): **13** (I.
i. 26)
affid: **82** (IV. iv. 49)
Agenor: **18** (I. i. 172)
aglet-baby: **24** (I. ii. 79)
aim'd of: **41** (II. i. 232)
Alcides': **30** (I. ii. 261)
all one: **72** (IV. ii. 102)
aloft: **6** (Ind. ii. S. d.)
ambo: **17** (I. i. 149 S. d.)
amends: **10** (Ind. ii. 99)
amort: **75** (IV. iii. 36)
an: **4** (Ind. i. 77)
ancient: **8** (Ind. ii. 33)
ancient angel: **71** (IV. ii. 61)
Anna: **17** (I. i. 158)
anon: **6** (Ind. i. 130)
answerable: **45** (II. i. 353)
antic: **5** (Ind. i. 101)
apes in hell, lead: **33** (II. i.
34)
Apollo: **8** (Ind. ii. 37)
appendix: **84** (IV. iv. 105)
apply: **13** (I. i. 19)
approv'd: **12** (I. i. 7)
apt: **38** (II. i. 166)
argosy: **46** (II. i. 368)
- arms: **40** (II. i. 220)
arras counterpoints: **45** (II.
i. 345)
Art to Love: **69** (IV. ii. 8)
as (so that): **3** (Ind. i. 70)
as (that): **13** (I. i. 33)
as (as if): **38** (II. i. 160)
as yourself: **27** (I. ii. 160)
assurance (legal settlement):
46 (II. i. 381)
assurance, for: **96** (V. ii. 65)
awful: **98** (V. ii. 110)
- backare: **34** (II. i. 73)
bags: **27** (I. ii. 181)
balk logic with: **13** (I. i. 34)
balm: **3** (Ind. i. 48)
banquet: **94** (V. ii. S. d.)
bar (noun): **17** (I. i. 138)
bars (verb): **11** (Ind. ii.
138)
basta: **19** (I. i. 202)
bate: **68** (IV. i. 199)
bay, at a: **96** (V. ii. 56)
bear-herd: **7** (Ind. ii. 21)
bears: **88** (V. i. 10)
bears me fair in hand: **69**
(IV. ii. 3)
beast: **61** (IV. i. 28)
beat: **68** (IV. i. 199)
begnawn: **53** (III. ii. 56)
belike: **4** (Ind. i. 75)
be-mete: **78** (IV. iii. 113)
bemoiled: **63** (IV. i. 77)
ben venuto, I shall be your:
31 (I. ii. 285)
bestraught: **7** (Ind. ii. 27)
bias: **86** (IV. v. 25)
big: **59** (III. ii. 231)

bill: 79 (IV. iii. 152)
bird, am I your: 96 (V. ii. 46)
blow our nails together: 16 (I. i. 108)
board: 25 (I. ii. 96)
books: 40 (II. i. 223)
boot: 101 (V. ii. 177)
boot-hose: 54 (III. ii. 69)
boss'd: 45 (II. i. 347)
bots: 53 (III. ii. 57)
bottom: 78 (IV. iii. 137)
bow'd: 37 (II. i. 151)
brach: 2 (Ind. i. 17)
brav'd (defied): 77 (IV. iii. 111)
brave (adjective): 2 (Ind. i. 40)
braved (made fine): 78 (IV. iii. 125)
bravery: 75 (IV. iii. 57)
braves, these: 48 (III. i. 15)
breathed: 8 (Ind. ii. 50)
breeching: 48 (III. i. 18)
bring: 67 (IV. i. 181)
buckler: 60 (III. ii. 242)
bugs: 29 (I. ii. 214)
burthen: 24 (I. ii. 68)
Burton-heath: 7 (Ind. ii. 19)
but: 50 (III. i. 63)
buttery: 5 (Ind. i. 102)
buzz: 39 (II. i. 207)
buzzard (a blockhead): 39 (II. i. 207)
buzzard (an inferior kind of hawk): 40 (II. i. 208)
by (aside): 14 (I. i. 47 S. d.)
by (in regard to): 95 (V. ii. 22)

candle-cases: 53 (III. ii. 47)
canopies: 45 (II. i. 346)
caparisoned: 54 (III. ii. 68)
card-maker: 7 (Ind. ii. 20)
carouses (noun): 31 (I. ii. 280)

carousing to: 57 (III. ii. 174)
carpets: 62 (IV. i. 52)
cart: 14 (I. i. 55)
cat: 25 (I. ii. 117)
censer: 77 (IV. iii. 91)
cerns: 91 (V. i. 76)
chafed: 28 (I. ii. 206)
chapeless: 53 (III. ii. 49)
charge: 29 (I. ii. 219)
charm: 19 (I. i. 213)
checks: 13 (I. i. 32)
chide: 25 (I. ii. 96)
choler: 67 (IV. i. 175)
choleric: 74 (IV. iii. 22)
circumstances: 89 (V. i. 28)
clapp'd up: 44 (II. i. 319)
close: 6 (Ind. i. 127)
cockle: 76 (IV. iii. 66)
Cock's: 64 (IV. i. 121)
colour'd: 19 (I. i. 211)
combless: 40 (II. i. 225)
commanded: 6 (Ind. i. 125)
comonty: 12 (Ind. ii. 140)
compassed: 78 (IV. iii. 139)
compound: 22 (I. ii. 27)
conceit: 79 (IV. iii. 162)
conceive (form an opinion): 95 (V. ii. 22)
conceives (becomes pregnant): 95 (V. ii. 23)
conceives (formulates): 95 (V. ii. 24)
conditions: 100 (V. ii. 168)
conference: 41 (II. i. 246)
conformable: 42 (II. i. 272)
confounds: 99 (V. ii. 141)
content you: 45 (II. i. 335)
continency: 67 (IV. i. 185)
contrive: 31 (I. ii. 279)
cony-caught: 91 (V. i. 101)
cony-catching: 62 (IV. i. 45)
copatain: 90 (V. i. 69)
countenance (noun): 20 (I. i. 232)
countenance (verb): 64 (IV. i. 101)

- course: 8 (Ind. ii. 49)
 coxcomb: 40 (II. i. 224)
 cozen: 57 (III. ii. 171)
 crab: 40 (II. i. 228)
 crack-hemp: 89 (V. i. 46)
 craven: 40 (II. i. 226)
 credit: 64 (IV. i. 106)
 cried upon it: 2 (Ind. i. 23)
 cross: 33 (II. i. 28)
 crowns: 23 (I. ii. 57)
 cullion: 69 (IV. ii. 20)
 cunning (noun): 4 (Ind. i. 92)
 cunning (adjective): 15 (I. i. 97)
 curious: 82 (IV. iv. 36)
 curst: 18 (I. i. 184)
 custard-coffin: 76 (IV. iii. 82)
 Cytherea: 8 (Ind. ii. 53)
- dance bare-foot: 33 (II. i. 33)
 Daphne: 9 (Ind. ii. 59)
 declining head into: 5 (Ind. i. 119)
 demi-cannon: 77 (IV. iii. 88)
 denier: 1 (Ind. i. 9)
 despite, in: 6 (Ind. i. 128)
 devote: 13 (I. i. 32)
 Dian: 42 (II. i. 253)
 diaper: 3 (Ind. i. 57)
 dispatch'd: 6 (Ind. i. 129)
 domineer: 59 (III. ii. 227)
 dresser: 67 (IV. i. 166)
 ducats: 46 (II. i. 363)
 dumps: 43 (II. i. 278)
 duty (reverence): 5 (Ind. i. 113)
 duty (due): 62 (IV. i. 39)
- eat: 68 (IV. i. 200)
 eleven and twenty: 71 (IV. ii. 57)
 emboss'd: 2 (Ind. i. 17)
 encounter: 87 (IV. v. 54)
- enforced to digress: 55 (III. ii. 110)
 ergo: 78 (IV. iii. 129)
 esteem: 87 (IV. v. 64)
 event: 56 (III. ii. 130)
 ewer: 6 (Ind. ii. S. d.)
 eyne: 92 (V. i. 120)
- fa: 22 (I. ii. 17)
 fac'd it with a card of ten: 47 (II. i. 399)
 face (brazen): 43 (II. i. 283)
 face (bully): 78 (IV. iii. 125)
 faced (trimmed): 78 (IV. iii. 123)
 fair (adjective): 32 (II. i. 17)
 fair befall thee: 98 (V. ii. 112)
 farthingales: 75 (IV. iii. 56)
 fashions: 53 (III. ii. 54)
 fault, in the coldest: 2 (Ind. i. 20)
 fay: 9 (Ind. ii. 83)
 fear (frighten): 29 (I. ii. 214)
 fears (is afraid of): 94 (V. ii. 16)
 few, in a: 23 (I. ii. 52)
 fine: 44 (II. i. 311)
 fit the time: 76 (IV. iii. 69)
 fives: 53 (III. ii. 56)
 flat: 89 (V. i. 37)
 Florentius' love: 24 (I. ii. 69)
 flourish: 12 (Ind. ii. 146 S. d.)
 fool: 14 (I. i. 65)
 footboy: 54 (III. ii. 73)
 for (at): 12 (I. i. 3)
 for (because): 15 (I. i. 92)
 for my hand: 19 (I. i. 193)
 foul: 24 (I. ii. 69)
 frame: 20 (I. i. 230)
 frets (noun): 37 (II. i. 150)
 fretting: 44 (II. i. 322)

foward: 24 (I. ii. 91)
full: 19 (I. i. 202)
furniture: 80 (IV. iii. 182)
fustian: 62 (IV. i. 49)

gallants: 54 (III. ii. 90)
gall'd: 96 (V. ii. 60)
galliasses: 46 (II. i. 372)
gambold: 12 (Ind. ii. 140)
gamester: 47 (II. i. 394)
gamut: 50 (III. i. 68)
gawds: 32 (II. i. 3)
gentles: 55 (III. ii. 96)
get: 47 (II. i. 404)
gifts: 16 (I. i. 106)
gird: 96 (V. ii. 58)
give me your hands: 44 (II. i. 312)
give you over: 25 (I. ii. 106)
God-a-mercy: 79 (IV. iii. 153)
goes hard: 72 (IV. ii. 80)
gogs-wounses: 57 (III. ii. 163)
grace: 26 (I. ii. 133)
gramceries: 13 (I. i. 41)
gratify: 31 (I. ii. 276)
green: 59 (III. ii. 214); 86 (IV. v. 47)
Grissel: 43 (II. i. 289)
groom: 57 (III. ii. 155)

ha' to thee: 95 (V. ii. 37)
habit: 90 (V. i. 75)
half, be your: 97 (V. ii. 78)
half-checked: 53 (III. ii. 58)
hand, at any: 26 (I. ii. 150)
hap, whose: 31 (I. ii. 272)
happily: 83 (IV. iv. 54)
happy man be his dole: 17 (I. i. 143)
hard: 39 (II. i. 184)
have at you: 96 (V. ii. 45)
have to: 17 (I. i. 142)
hearken: 30 (I. ii. 263)
heavy: 23 (I. ii. 46)
her name: 53 (III. ii. 64)

high-cross: 17 (I. i. 136)
hilding: 33 (II. i. 26)
him: 5 (Ind. i. 122)
hipped: 53 (III. ii. 50)
hold (wager): 54 (III. ii. 86)
hold (take): 81 (IV. iv. 17)
hold with her: 37 (II. i. 147)
holidame: 98 (V. ii. 100)
horn: 61 (IV. i. 29)
household stuff: 12 (Ind. ii. 143)
'humour of forty fancies': 54 (III. ii. 71)
hungerly: 57 (III. ii. 178)
hurly: 68 (IV. i. 206)
husband (noun): 90 (V. i. 70)
husbanded (verb): 3 (Ind. i. 68)

I wis: 14 (I. i. 62)
idle: 7 (Ind. ii. 14)
idly: 17 (I. i. 154)
imprimis: 63 (IV. i. 68)
indifferent (adverb): 28 (I. ii. 184)
indifferent knit: 64 (IV. i. 94)
ingenious: 12 (I. i. 9)
ingrate: 31 (I. ii. 273)
institute: 12 (I. i. 8)
intend: 68 (IV. i. 206)
intolerable: 24 (I. ii. 90)
Io: 9 (Ind. ii. 56)
is: 3 (Ind. i. 64)

'Jack, boy! ho, boy!': 62 (IV. i. 43)
jacks: 62 (IV. i. 51)
jade: 30 (I. ii. 252)
jealous: 87 (IV. v. 76)
Jeronimy, go by: 1 (Ind. i. 9)
jills: 62 (IV. i. 52)
joint-stool: 39 (II. i. 199)

jointure: 46 (II. i. 364)
 jolthead: 67 (IV. i. 169)
 jump: 19 (I. i. 194)
 junkets: 60 (III. ii. 251)

Kates: 39 (II. i. 190)
 kennel: 77 (IV. iii. 98)
 kersey: 54 (III. ii. 69)
 kindly: 3 (Ind. i. 66)
 knack: 76 (IV. iii. 67)
 knavery: 75 (IV. iii. 58)

lampass: 53 (III. ii. 53)
 larums: 28 (I. ii. 210)
 Latin: 23 (I. ii. 29)
 laying: 99 (V. ii. 130)
 Leda's daughter: 30 (I. ii. 247)
 leet: 10 (Ind. ii. 89)
 leges: 22 (I. ii. 28)
 lewd: 76 (IV. iii. 65)
 lie: 83 (IV. iv. 56)
 light: 39 (II. i. 204)
 like not of (care not for): 34 (II. i. 65)
 likes (pleases): 83 (IV. iv. 62)
 liking: 28 (I. ii. 186)
 link: 65 (IV. i. 137)
 list (noun): 54 (III. ii. 70)
 list, seize thee that: 51 (III. i. 92)
 logger-headed: 65 (IV. i. 128)
 Lombardy: 12 (I. i. 3)
 long (adverb): 94 (V. ii. 1)
 longeth (verb): 70 (IV. ii. 45)
 longly: 18 (I. i. 169)
 love, their: 16 (I. i. 107)
 love in idleness: 17 (I. i. 155)
 lovely: 56 (III. ii. 126)
 Lucrece: 43 (II. i. 290)
 lure: 68 (IV. i. 195)
 lusty: 38 (II. i. 161)

malt-horse: 65 (IV. i. 132)
 man my haggard: 68 (IV. i. 196)
 mark: 21 (I. i. 257 S. d.)
 mart: 44 (II. i. 321)
 masquing: 77 (IV. iii. 87)
 match, a: 97 (V. ii. 74)
 mates (persons): 14 (I. i. 58)
 mates (husbands): 14 (I. i. 59)
 me: 22 (I. ii. 8)
 Me Pardonato: 13 (I. i. 25)
 meacock: 44 (II. i. 307)
 meaner: 19 (I. i. 209)
 mercatante: 71 (IV. ii. 63)
 merest: 2 (Ind. i. 23)
 merry passion: 5 (Ind. i. 97)
 mess, one: 83 (IV. iv. 70)
 mete-yard: 79 (IV. iii. 152)
 mew: 15 (I. i. 87)
 milch-kine: 45 (II. i. 351)
 mind: 21 (I. i. 252)
 Minerva: 15 (I. i. 84)
 minion: 32 (II. i. 13)
 modesty: 3 (Ind. i. 68)
 moralize: 84 (IV. iv. 81)
 mose in the chine, to: 53 (III. ii. 52, 53)
 motion: 31 (I. ii. 283)
 mov'd: 99 (V. ii. 143)

nail: 77 (IV. iii. 109)
 napkin: 6 (Ind. i. 127)
 near-legged: 53 (III. ii. 58)
 neat's: 74 (IV. iii. 17)
 news, what's the: 20 (I. i. 228)
 nice: 50 (III. i. 81)
 nill you: 42 (II. i. 265)
 nit: 77 (IV. iii. 110)
 note (noun): 26 (I. ii. 148)
 noted for: 52 (III. ii. 14)

of (during): 10 (Ind. ii. 84)
 of (on): 63 (IV. i. 71)

of both: 45 (II. i. 336)
officer: 62 (IV. i. 50)
old: 52 (III. ii. 30)
or ere: 85 (IV. v. 8)
orchard: 36 (II. i. 112)
out before: 88 (V. i. S. d.)
over-eyeing: 5 (Ind. i. 95)
Ovid: 13 (I. i. 33)

pack: 38 (II. i. 178)
packing: 92 (V. i. 121)
Padua: 12 (I. i. 2)
pain: 48 (III. i. 12)
pantaloons: 14 (I. i. 47 S. d.);
49 (III. i. 37)
paper: 27 (I. ii. 154)
parle: 16 (I. i. 116)
pass (convey): 73 (IV. ii.
118)
pass (transact): 83 (IV. iv.
57)
passing: 3 (Ind. i. 67)
paucas pallabris: 1 (Ind. i.
5)
peat: 15 (I. i. 78)
pedant: viii (*Dramatis Per-
sonæ*)
pedascule: 49 (III. i. 51)
peereth: 80 (IV. iii. 176)
Pegasus: 81 (IV. iv. 5)
peril to, in: 11 (Ind. ii. 124)
pheeze you: 1 (Ind. i. 1)
pip out, a: 23 (I. ii. 33)
pith: 18 (I. i. 170)
pittance: 83 (IV. iv. 61)
place, in: 27 (I. ii. 160)
plash: 13 (I. i. 23)
pleasant: 87 (IV. v. 72)
pointed (adjective): 48 (III.
i. 19)
points (noun): 53 (III. ii.
50)
port: 19 (I. i. 207)
pot, a little: 61 (IV. ii. 6)
practise: 2 (Ind. i. 36)
prefer: 15 (I. i. 97)
prerogative: 48 (III. i. 6)

present: 73 (IV. iii. 5)
Presenters: 21 (I. i. 251
S. d.)
prevented: 96 (V. ii. 49)
pricks: 54 (III. ii. 75)
proof, to the: 37 (II. i. 141)
proper: 26 (I. ii. 147)
put finger in the eye: 15 (I.
i. 79)

quaint (clever): 56 (III. ii.
150)
quaint (elegant): 77 (IV.
iii. 102)
qualified: 87 (IV. v. 66)
quantity: 78 (IV. iii. 112)
quicken: 13 (I. i. 36)
quit: 51 (III. i. 93)

ranging: 51 (III. i. 92)
rated (driven away by chid-
ing): 18 (I. i. 164)
rates (chides): 67 (IV. i.
187)
rather for, the: 4 (Ind. i.
91)
rayed: 53 (III. ii. 55)
rebused: 22 (I. ii. 7)
remember'd, be: 77 (IV. iii.
96)
resolve: 69 (IV. ii. 7)
restrained: 53 (III. ii. 60)
rests: 21 (I. i. 248)
Richard Conqueror: 1 (Ind.
i. 4)
ring: 17 (I. i. 144)
road: 46 (II. i. 369)
rope-tricks: 25 (I. ii. 113)
roundly: 23 (I. ii. 59)
rout: 58 (III. ii. 184)
rudesby: 51 (III. ii. 10)
ruffling: 75 (IV. iii. 60)
run: 61 (IV. i. 16)
rush-candle: 85 (IV. v. 14)
rushes strewed: 62 (IV. i.
48)

sack: 8 (Ind. ii. 2)
 sadness, good: 96 (V. ii. 63)
 saving: 34 (II. i. 71)
 scape: 41 (II. i. 235)
 scrivener: 83 (IV. iv. 59)
 seal'd quarts: 10 (Ind. ii.
 90)
 seen: 26 (I. ii. 136)
 Semiramis: 8 (Ind. ii. 41)
 sensible: 63 (IV. i. 66)
 serve: 13 (I. i. 15)
 sessa: 1 (Ind. i. 6)
 sharp: 68 (IV. i. 193)
 sheathing: 65 (IV. i. 138)
 sheer: 7 (Ind. ii. 25)
 shift: 6 (Ind. i. 126)
 shipping, good: 89 (V. i. 43)
 shoulder-shotten: 53 (III. ii.
 57)
 shrew: 68 (IV. i. 213)
 shrewd: 18 (I. i. 184)
 Sibyl: 24 (I. ii. 70)
 simple: 6 (Ind. i. 135)
 since: 4 (Ind. i. 84)
 skills: 56 (III. ii. 135)
 skipper: 45 (II. i. 333)
 slipp'd: 96 (V. ii. 52)
 smallest: 9 (Ind. ii. 77)
 sober: 26 (I. ii. 134)
 soft: 100 (V. ii. 168)
 sol: 22 (I. ii. 17)
 sooth: 55 (III. ii. 119)
 sops: 57 (III. ii. 176)
 sorted to no proof, is: 75
 (IV. iii. 43)
 Soto: 4 (Ind. i. 88)
 soud: 65 (IV. i. 145)
 soundly: 22 (I. ii. 8)
 specialties: 36 (II. i. 127)
 sped: 101 (V. ii. 186)
 speed (verb): 30 (I. ii. 250)
 speed (noun): 37 (II. i.
 139)
 speeding: 43 (II. i. 295)
 spleen (fit of laughter): 6
 (Ind. i. 137)

spleen (caprice): 51 (III. ii.
 10)
 stale (laughing-stock): 14
 (I. i. 58)
 stale (decoy): 51 (III. i.
 91)
 stand: 25 (I. ii. 114)
 stay (stop): 6 (Ind. i. 134)
 stay'd (detained): 72 (IV.
 ii. 83)
 stays (awaits): 75 (IV. iii.
 59)
 stead: 31 (I. ii. 269)
 stock (stocking): 54 (III.
 ii. 68)
 stocks ('a pair of'): 1 (Ind.
 i. 2)
 stocks (posts): 13 (I. i. 31)
 stomach (inclination): 13 (I.
 i. 38)
 stomach ('appetite' and 'tem-
 per'): 66 (IV. i. 161)
 stomachs (pride): 101 (V.
 ii. 177)
 stoop: 68 (IV. i. 194)
 straight: 3 (Ind. i. 52)
 strange: 15 (I. i. 85)
 struck: 45 (II. i. 354)
 suits, in all: 5 (Ind. i. 106)
 supposes: 92 (V. i. 120)
 swayed: 53 (III. ii. 57)
 sweeting: 75 (IV. iii. 36)
 swinge: 98 (V. ii. 105)
 tails: 40 (II. i. 216)
 take upon you: 73 (IV. ii.
 109)
 tall: 81 (IV. iv. 17)
 taller: 61 (IV. i. 11)
 tender well: 1 (Ind. i. 16)
 tents: 45 (II. i. 346)
 that (so that): 67 (IV. i.
 187)
 that she's: 30 (I. ii. 240)
 them: 5 (Ind. i. 112)
 then: 68 (IV. i. 195)
 they: 37 (II. i. 142)

- think on prating: 78 (IV.
iii. 114)
third-borough: 1 (Ind. i. 12)
thrall'd: 20 (I. i. 224)
three-inch-fool: 61 (IV. i.
27)
throughly: 81 (IV. iv. 11)
time, in good: 39 (II. i. 196)
to be: 16 (I. i. 128)
took: 57 (III. ii. 166)
toward (at hand): 14 (I. i.
68)
toward (docile): 101 (V. ii.
183)
toy, a: 47 (II. i. 396)
trapp'd: 8 (Ind. ii. 43)
trick: 76 (IV. iii. 67)
trimmed: 62 (IV. i. 48)
trot: 24 (I. ii. 80)
trow (believe): 22 (I. ii. 4)
trow (know): 27 (I. ii. 168)
trunk sleeve: 78 (IV. iii.
141)
turn: 34 (II. i. 63)
turtle: 40 (II. i. 208)
twangling: 38 (II. i. 159)
twink: 43 (II. i. 304)
two-and-thirty: 23 (I. ii. 33)
Tyrian tapestry: 45 (II. i.
343)
- unapt: 100 (V. ii. 167)
uncase: 19 (I. i. 211)
undertake: 73 (IV. ii. 107)
unpink'd: 65 (IV. i. 136)
- untoward: 87 (IV. v. 79)
usurp: 6 (Ind. i. 131)
- vail: 101 (V. ii. 177)
valance: 45 (II. i. 348)
velure: 53 (III. ii. 63)
vied: 43 (II. i. 303)
- waning: 9 (Ind. ii. 65)
wanton: 8 (Ind. ii. 54)
watch: 68 (IV. i. 198)
wear: 56 (III. ii. 121)
welkin: 5 (Ind. ii. 47)
when: 66 (IV. i. 146)
whiles: 48 (III. i. 22)
white: 101 (V. ii. 187)
who should say, as: 74 (IV.
iii. 13)
whoreson: 65 (IV. i. 132)
widowhood: 36 (II. i. 125)
wild Kate: 42 (II. i. 271)
will, because she: 19 (I. i.
188)
Wincot: 7 (Ind. ii. 23)
windgalls: 53 (III. ii. 54)
wish: 16 (I. i. 112)
wit: 9 (Ind. ii. 79)
with: 77 (IV. iii. 111)
withal: 89 (V. i. 21)
witness, with a: 92 (V. i.
121)
woodcock: 27 (I. ii. 164)
workmanly: 9 (Ind. ii. 62)
world: 44 (II. i. 305)
- yellows: 53 (III. ii. 55)

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



W6-AEK-778